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Pro-Slavery.

From the South Carolinian.

THE WILMOT PROVISO—WHAT SHOULD THE SOUTH DO?

Dangers threaten the Southern States. The time has been, when the discussion on the reception of abolition petitions sent a thrill of intense anxiety through the whole South: but now when the proposition is distinctly made, to exclude Slavery from any territory that hereafter may be acquired by the General Government, it is received with apparent indifference. We regard the Wilmot Proviso as a direct approach to the destruction of the domestic institutions of the South. It is not designed to raise a false alarm—but it is time to declare that the South, and Southern Institutions are in danger.

It is time to look this matter in the face. When petitions for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia were first presented in Congress, the whole South was excited. This was continued until her sensibility seemed to be gone: then abolition pamphlets were transmitted through the mails, directed to the free white citizens of the South:—a flame of indignation, that would have blasted the fanatic miscreant who dared thus to prostitute the mails to such base and vile purposes, if he could have been reached, burst forth through all the Southern States. Aggression upon aggression, with added insult, has been heaped upon us until our own sense of danger has been lost: and when the infamous proposition is made to circumscribe the liberties of the South, and deprive her of any territory that may hereafter be acquired, though the bravest spirits of the reviled South may have perished in the acquisition—Southern patriotism—that formerly secreted tyranny in the breeze—is mute! How is this? Are we like a limb, the nerves of which are keenly sensitive at first, which has gradually become insensible, till it can feel no more, but is dead? Is this our condition? If it is, then let us quietly submit to our fate, and never say another word; let us throw aside the Constitution, and never again refer to it, if we are prepared to make the sacrifice! But before we do this, let us look at that sacred instrument ere we cast it aside forever.

In Article 4, Section 3, we find this: "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union," &c.—in section 4, "The United States shall guaranty to every State in this Union, a republican form of government," &c. We beg the reader to turn to these clauses and sections of the Constitution and read them carefully. A provision is made for the admission of new States into this Union, and Congress is to guaranty to every State in this Union a republican form of government. Every State at the time of the formation of the Constitution which participated in the formation and adoption of the Constitution, had a republican form of government.—Some of the States recognized the existence and lawfulness of Slavery—and the Constitution itself does the same thing. Therefore, under the Constitution, Congress has no right to interfere with Slavery *in any way whatever*, for Congress is bound to protect each State, "on application of the Legislature, or of the executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against *domestic* violence."

Moreover, from this very extreme caution, we see that Congress is *prohibited* from interfering with this institution except for its *protection*. Hence it seems to us that the Wilmot Proviso is clearly a direct attempt to defeat the very provisions of the Constitution, with reference to Slavery; for if adopted, it operates in such a way as to exclude the South from any participation in the benefits of territory hereafter to be acquired by the United States. The Legislatures of ten States of the Union have passed resolutions, urging their representatives to press the Wilmot Proviso, at the next session of Congress.—The forces are mustering under the dark banner of Abolition—the assault will be made!

What is the South doing? We repeat it, WHAT IS THE SOUTH DOING? She ought to rally in defence of her institutions. She ought, by united and concerted, and energetic action, to sustain herself by undivided effort. She ought to strengthen the hands of those who are putting forth *their strength* in our behalf.

What will the South do? She must act with decision and firmness—without these, she is lost!

What ought the South to do? She ought to meet in Southern Convention, and, in the midst of counsellors, devise ways and means for her safety and the preservation of the Constitution. She should plant herself upon the Constitution, and contend to the very last, that its provisions be observed—and that, unless the North does observe them, upon our opponents rest the consequences. We should distinctly and unequivocally declare our position.

Every Legislature in the Southern States ought to pass resolutions, responsive to those of the Virginia Legislature, on this very subject—this should be done this winter. Let us take the stand that becomes freemen, battling for our rights; let us cling to the pillars of the temple of our liberties, and, if we must perish, perish amid its ruins—and the world will witness that we are innocent!

From the St. Clairsville (Ohio) Gazette.

ABOLITION PERSECUTION.

Rev. Alex. Camhell, of Bethany, (Va.) visited G. Britain last spring, and preached in England with marked approbation during June and July. He visited Scotland, lectured in Edinburgh to large audiences but was soon interrupted by the abolition devils who abound there, and who demanded his views on Slavery. He told them he came on a mission of peace, and had no thought of discussing that question. Placards were then issued, and mobs raised, to prevent him from speaking in public. He persisted, and at last declared that the measures persued in Europe and America by the fanatics were ill-advised, and rendered no service to the slaves. He was hissed, derided, and publicly denounced by Rev. James Robertson, Kennedy, and Hunter. Robertson challenged him at last to a debate, and Mr. C. said he would meet any man in the world, on the Bible argument, that Slavery was instituted by the Almighty to punish idolaters, but that he would not meet one man—a James Robertson, an abolitionist, (and there were three of the name,) for he had intelligence that the said Robertson was a vile blasphemer, an adulterer, who, with his mother, violated the 5th commandment, for which they were expelled from the Baptist Church. Robertson, the unholy priest, and Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, had Mr. C. arrested for libel, laying his damages at $25, 000 but the damages, on *demurrer*, were reduced to $1,000, before Mr. Allison, the Historian of Europe, and High Sheriff of Lanark. As ten days had to intervene before the cause could be heard before the Superior Court, Mr. C., despite all his friends could do, resolved on going to jail, in place of giving bail for £200. He replied: "I believe that in all this I am persecuted for the truth's sake. I stand for the Bible doctrine, in faith, in purity, and in morality; and I have resolved to give no security. I will go to the prison first." Accordingly he was sent to prison, and there remained in the uncomfortable confinement of a damp stone cell, till Lord Murray upon hearing the case, decided that his imprisonment was illegal, and ordered his release. His health already impaired by one hundred days almost incessant talking, suffered much from the confinement and he was unable to address an immense concourse assembled to hear him after his release, in one of the largest rooms in the Kingdom. On being called for, however, he was compelled to show himself to the people.

The American people can thus see the brutal conduct of the foreign leaders of the abolition movement. A more heartless set of rascals never lived; and such are the agents of the British Government to work our ruin here.

From the [Louisville] Presbyterian Herald.

BIBLE FOR THE SLAVES.

We notice in a number of our Northern exchanges, accounts of meetings, speeches, and agitations, for the purpose, as stated, of giving the Bible to the slaves in the South. Now, all this is well enough, except the implication that their interference is needful, or called for. What slave, whether he can read or not, that desires to have a Bible, cannot easily procure it? We know of no such case. What master or mistress objects to having his or her servants read the Bible? There may be such people, but we have not learned of it; and we believe such cases are rare.

Even Leavitt, the Abolitionist, in a late sermon, admits the fact, perfectly notorious at the South, that the Bible may be and is, in most parts of the South, freely circulated among the slaves. To this he appends the remark, that in an effort by the North to give the Bible to slaves, they may expect "much co-operation in the South." On this topic we simply remark, that if any cause can induce Southern masters to withhold the Bible from slaves, it will be the officious and uncalled-for meddling in it of such men as Rev. Joshua Leavitt, and men like him. We now here specially inform him and all other Abolitionists, that their course is well understood; and if they wish to do good to either masters or slaves, their best course is to let them alone.

Southern Christians of every name, whether slaveholders or not, are now with one heart prepared to give the Bible to slaves, as freely as to their own children; and, if not prevented by these *busy bodies in other men's matters*, will give the Bible to slaves, as fast as they are enabled to read it. Nothing, except the native depravity of man, has impeded the cause of benevolence towards the slave, more than the injurious and unjustifiable measures of the abolition party.

L.

From the Henderson Kentuckian.

ANOTHER DECISION.

Through the kindness of a friend we are enabled to furnish our readers with the following account of the trial of Thomas Hardy and John Smith, in the Gibson Circuit Court, in the State of Indiana, upon an indictment for kidnapping, at the August term. The account we publish is from the pen of a distinguished citizen of Indiana, who was counsel for the defendants. The subject is one of interest to our readers of this State, who will perceive with gratification that the Judicial authorities of our sister State of Indiana, have the moral courage to administer the law with a proper regard for the compromises of the Constitution, unawed by the fanatical influences which have too much prevailed in some other free States.

"The facts are these. On the — day of February last, the defendants, who reside in Gibson county, Indiana, were approached, late in the evening of that day, by a negro man who complained of being cold and hungry. After some conversation had past, the defendants [illegible] negro who said his name was Sam, that he was a slave, and had run away from his master. This he denied. The defendants, however, insisted that he was a slave, arrested him and took him to the house of Hardy, one of the defendants, in said county of Gibson. That night the negro acknowledged that he was a slave and said he belonged to Alexander Barret, of Henderson county, Kentucky. The next morning the defendants removed Sam from this State to Kentucky, and delivered him to Alexander Barret in the town of Henderson. It was proven that Sam was a slave, and that he belonged to Barret—and that on the morning after he had run away, Barret had published a handbill, therein offering a reward for the apprehension and delivery of Sam to him. The indictment was found at the March term, and the case came on to be tried at the August term, 1847, of the circuit Court of Gibson County, Indiana.

"It was contended by defendant's counsel, on the authority of Prigg vs. the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, 16 Pet. Rep. 540, that as it was proven that Sam was a slave, the removal of him by the defendants from this State to Kentucky, could not Constitute the crime of kidnapping.

"That the owner of a fugitive slave has a right by the Constitution of the United States, to take him whenever he can find him without a warrant; and may remove him from a non-slaveholding State to the State from whence he escaped, *without* a certificate from a Judge or Magistrate. That if another arrests and takes such slave without warrant to the owner, who ratifies the act of such person, it becomes in law, the act of the owner.

"The Court decided, Judge Lockhart presiding, that a notice published by the owners of a fugitive slave, offering a reward for his apprehension, &c. was a sufficient authority for any person to arrest such fugitive slave, and take him back to his master. The defendants were acquitted—De Burler for the State,—Hall and Pitcher for defendants.

Selections.

From the St. Louis Republican.

DEATH BY CRUELTY.

[We copied the trial of this Mrs. Turner, last week, from the New-York Herald.]

On Friday last, the Coroner held an inquest, at the house of Judge Dunica, a few miles south of this city, over the body of a negro girl, about eight years of age, belonging to Mr. Cordell. The body exhibited evidence of the most cruel whipping and beating we have ever heard of. The flesh on the back and limbs were beaten to a jelly—one shoulder bone was laid bare—there were several cuts, apparently from a club on the head—and around her neck was the indentation of a cord, by which it was supposed she had been confined to a tree. She had been hired by a man by the name of Tanner, residing in the neighbourhood, and who sent her home in this condition. After coming home, her constant request, until her death, was for bread, by which it would seem that she had been starved as well as unmercifully whipped. The Jury returned a verdict that she came to her death by blows inflicted by some person unknown, while she was in the employ of Mr. Tanner.

For the Presbyterian [Louisville, Ky.] Herald.

SYNOD OF KENTUCKY.

The Synod of Kentucky met in Henderson, on Wednesday, Oct. 13th, 1847, and was opened with a sermon by W. C. Matthews, the Moderator of the last Synod.

D. T. Stuart was chosen Moderator, and S. S. McRoberts and W. Q. Morton, temporary clerks.

Owing to the place of meeting, the number of members was smaller than usual.

Except the usual routine of business, the following are the items of interest:

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF NEGROES.

The Synod recognizes the obligation resting on it, to provide, as far as possible, for the spiritual instruction of the negro population within its bounds. In order to promote that object, which this Synod has always had at heart, it is now resolved, in addition to many former declarations of this body,

1st. That it is the duty of heads of families, who own slaves or have servants in their houses, to attend to their religious instruction. That one part of this duty is to see that they are brought regularly under the influence of the means of grace, and especially the preaching of the Gospel on the Sabbath, at the stated places of preaching, unless they are already members of some sister church.

2d. That it is the duty of ministers of the Gospel to care for the souls, and endeavour to instruct all the slaves and servants of the members of their charges, in divine things, and especially, when it is proper and can and be done, to endeavour to gather them together on the Sabbath day, at the usual place of worship, together with their masters, or separately, as may seem best, that they may from time to time preach the Gospel to them statedly.

3d. That it may be enjoined upon all the ministers and church sessions to adopt some system of catechetical instruction, and form as many of the coloured people into a class for oral instruction as can be induced to attend.

4th. That the Presbyteries use their best endeavours that the foregoing resolutions be carried effectually into practice; the more especially, as the Synod judges that the neglect of the duties therein inculcated is one great cause why the Gospel, as preached by our ministers, has not been blessed extensively in the conversion of coloured persons; and why so large a portion of those persons, even such as are under the control of members of our churches, should remain far from God, or become attendants on other and often insufficient means of grace.

From the Albany Journal.

SPEECH OF JOHN VAN BUREN.

The meeting last evening was one of the largest and most enthusiastic we ever attended. The multitude, moved by the inspiring watchword of "freedom," begun, at an early hour, to wend its way to the capitol.

* * * *

John Van Buren was perseveringly called for after Mr. Wilmot closed his speech. When he took the stand, the walls of the capitol shook with the cheers and plaudits of the dense throng. He commenced by a reference to the inhospitable welcome which Mr. Wilmot had received at the hands of the editor of the *Argus*. As a Dutchman, he regretted this inhospitality. Albany was wont to give a cordial welcome to all her guests; and such a welcome this meeting, and the courteous of all parties, had extended to this eloquent and truthful champion of freedom. He alluded to the progress which free principles were making throughout the world. Austria and Prussia were giving way. France was becoming progressive; and the inspiriting cry of liberty was even sounding from the portals of the Vatican. England had expended £20,000,000 to abolish Slavery in her dominions, and Denmark was now striking the manacles from her bondsmen. When these glorious things were occurring all around us, and the despotisms of the old world were giving way before the bright light of religion and democracy, shall the model republic hold back? Shall her treasure and the precious blood of her sons be poured out to conquer free territory to curse with Slavery? Yet such was the position it was sought to give this country. The effort was being made, and under such circumstances it was time that the free people of the North gave utterance to their views. [Cries of yes! yes! and cheers.] We have been told by the Union—the organ of the Government at Washington—that it was wrong for the people of the North to meet and discuss the Wilmot Proviso. Mr. Ritchie, the editor of that journal, is a man of talent, and of agreeable manners. But he mistakes his vocation if he thinks it any part of his province to lecture the freemen of New-York. [Cheers.] He has been recently translated [laughter] from Virginia to Washington, to take care of the democratic family. His predecessor was an able man, and had led the democracy through many successful battles. But what has Mr. Ritchie to show, that he has, in any degree, contributed either to the harmony, numbers, or triumphs of the democracy? Arkansas was once so strongly democratic that you could hardly find a Whig with a search warrant; [laughter] and yet it is now under the dominion of the Whigs. [illegible]see—the home of the President, and once a pillar in the democratic temple—has lapsed, and now rests in the arms of whiggery; although there has been Executive patronage enough bestowed upon her citizens within two years to have converted Massachusetts herself! [Great laughter.] And Massachusetts, whose democracy had more than once triumphed, during the editorial reign of Mr. Ritchie's predecessor, is now so sunken that it can reject a resolution of freedom! Not only so, its democracy has so far degenerated that it can nominate a "fixed fact" as the "progressive democratic" candidate! [Excessive laughter.] Pennsylvania alone bears up the old democratic banner; and she is the home of the author of the Wilmot Proviso. Mr. Van Buren in view of these facts, expressed the hope that if the people of New York were to elect a tutor from south of the Potomac, they might have the usual privilege of making an examination of his qualities themselves. The editor of the *Union* says that the Ordinance of 1787 is an "interpolation" in the democratic creed. This is not the first time this gentleman has denounced democratic measures as "interpolations." He seems to deem the democratic creed to be composed, like the creed of the Synod of Dort, of a certain number of Articles, revokable only by the Synod itself. [Laughter.] Mr. Ritchie declared Gen. Jackson's proclamation against nullification an "interpolation." But would any citizen of New-York, if he had been called upon to maintain that proclamation, have scanned the requisition, to ascertain whether it contained an abstract declaration of democracy?" When the process of freedom is issued, it does not become freemen to higgle about the terms of the process. [Cheers.] So when the Independent Treasury was broached. This was an "interpolation," in the opinion of Mr Ritchie, not to be admitted into the democratic creed. But when the annexation of Texas was made an issue by the Baltimore Convention, you didn't hear him say anything about "interpolations." He took it up and carried it forward with as much satisfaction and zeal as if it had been one of the oldest articles in the code of democracy. [Laughter.] Mr. Van Buren, in view of all this, begged leave to say to that distinguished gentleman—if words from so humble a personage could reach him—that his protest against the movements of the freemen of New-York, was a foreign protest, which, by the laws of the Empire State, had no validity.—[Cheers] We have, continued Mr. Van Buren, followed Southern lights to the very verge of freedom. We have followed their will-o'-the-wisps so far that, if we go farther, there is danger that we may be mired. Hereafter, he, for one, should be guided by the light of liberty—he should be guided by the light of true patriotism—by the light of human freedom—in short, by the Northern lights. [Tremendous cheering and great applause.]—If Mr. Ritchie supposes that a democratic creed can be made for the North, as it is made for the South, where democracy stands still under every stimulant to progress, he mistakes the temper of the progressive democracy of the North. [Cheers] If such a thing could be, he might have "the principles of ,98" as the eternal principles of the democratic party. But in the State of New-York—amidst her gigantic energies and her devotion to freedom and progress—the man who desires to keep pace with the spirit of the age, and with the onward movement of her democracy, must move on with it, or be rode over and crushed. [Cheers] He must raise his eyes from the tow-path of Southern apathy, and look out upon the broad ocean of freedom—he must lay down his jewsbarp, and hearken to the shrill bugle-blast of progress; he must lay down his pop-gun and listen to the shouts of the millions of freemen who are determined to plant the standard of liberty upon all free soil conquered by the treasure and blood of freemen.—[Immense cheering.] If Mr. Ritchie will do this, he may then deem himself possessed of the dignity of character which will justify him to lecture the democracy of New-York—not before. We are told, continued Mr. Van Buren, that we are opposed to the pending war with Mexico. This charge is brought against us by that great fighter of the *Argus*, Edwin Croswell. [Great laughter.] It is a slander to bring this charge against the unterrified democracy of Albany. It is a slander to say that we are opposed to the Mexican war, or any other war. [Laughter.] If half that he has said be true, the reverse is the fact. And to prove it, it will only be necessary to refer to the columns of the *Argus*, where the names of those who have been wounded by the unterrified democracy are duly recorded. [Laughter.] But, inquired Mr. Van Buren, who are fighting in Mexico?—in Mexico, remember, not in the *Argus* office? [Laughter.] Where is Gen. Worth? Who are his friends—who are his connexions? Where is Temple? Who are his friends—who are his connexions? Where would he be if he were here? He, Sir, would be the leading spirit of this meeting of "traitors," as we are called. He would be the foremost in the gallant band of Democrats who are rearing aloft the bright banner of "Freedom upon free soil!" [Loud cheers.] Many of this meeting have friends in the service in Mexico; and if, as had been intimated in a high quarter, supplies were withheld, where, sooner than from this assembly, would go up an indignant protest? Who, if it became necessary to call for more troops from New-York, would be more ready again to shed his blood in behalf of his country, than the President of this meeting? There was nothing Mr. Van Buren would not do to carry on the war, so long as it was necessary for the honour of the country. But he did not believe in fighting one day and granting an armistice the next—in striking a fellow one or two blows, and then stopping to ask him if he would n't cry "enough." He was told by men better skilled than himself in such matters, that any man could cry "enough," when he had enough. His friend S—g could have told this much to the [illegible] [Laughter.] If, said Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Polk would intimate a desire to give Mr. Croswell a commission in the Mexican service, he would cheerfully sign the recommendation. [Laughter.] If he should exhibit one quarter of the animosity toward the Mexicans which he has exhibited toward the democracy of the State who would not bow to his dictation, the war would soon be brought to a close. If he would exhibit one half the venom toward the Mexicans he has toward the thirty-two signers of the call for the Herkimer Convention, he would consider the war half finished. [Cheers.] If he should exhibit one quarter of the malice and venom toward Santa Anna, which he has exhibited toward the great leader of Northern democracy, Silas Wright, Mr. Van Buren would consider the war at an end as soon as he enlisted. [Cheers and laughter.] But to render his labour effectual and characteristic, Mr. Croswell would first have to enlist under the Mexican banner, and then betray it. [Immense applause.] Mr. Van Buren referred to the charge in the *Argus*, that himself and friends were acting with the Whigs. As an offset to this charge, he read S. Strong's celebrated affidavit, amid cheers and laughter; and after stating that it had never been contradicted, he proceeded to say that when it was denied, he would bring forward further evidence, and prove to the democracy that, for the second time, M. Croswell had got his foot in the grating. [Great laughter.] Mr. Van Buren denied that the simple fact that the Whigs concurred with the radical democracy in regard to the Wilmot Proviso, was any evidence either that it or its advocates were Federalists. But for the Whigs, the law in relation to the new Constitution could not have been passed. But for Whig votes, the new Constitution could not have been adopted. The conservatives opposed them both.—Why were not the radical Democrats branded as Whigs in those cases? The man, said Mr. Van Buren, who tries to make a Whig of me, will end in making an ass of himself. [Laughter.] He was not baby enough to run whenever any one cried out "spook." He would as soon think of running away from the Mexicans because a reinforcement of Whigs were coming up to the rescue, as to run away from the support of the proviso because Whigs were in favour of it. [Prolonged cheering.] Instead of branding such support as evidence of its federal character, he would deem it evidence of its righteousness. No wise man will repudiate a good thing because it has the countenance of those with whom he differs generally. [Cheers.] He doubted whether all the brave men in our army in Mexico were Democrats. At Yorktown, Chippewn, Beuna Vista, [illegible] crimson soil of those battle fields should be analyzed, there would be found some spots of Whig blood.—[Cheers.] He would deem himself a craven at heart, if he should find himself hesitating to admit the gallantry of Taylor, simply because he was a Whig. [Cheers.] There are times when all good men rally to the support of correct principles. He was the last man to be driven off from a righteous measure, because he found it supported by men connected with other denominations. [Cheers.] He had been accused of leading the Democrats astray in this contest. He would guaranty that those who make this charge will be loth to credit him, with the majority against them, when the votes are counted. [Cheers.] He had been charged with being influenced in his present conduct by the action of the Baltimore Convention in 1844. He appealed to Democrats and Whigs to say if there was any man in the State who laboured harder than himself to secure the election of that convention. Whatever good qualities he may not have, he had the quality of frankness. When he was for a man he was for him with all his heart. When he was against a man, he was against him, just as sincerely. He went into that campaign because, besides men, the Baltimore Convention sent out principles under which the democracy could rally. But the Syracuse Convention has not only given us no principles, but men whom a majority of the republicans of the State do not want. Still, if he was an editor, with no more principle than some editors, he might run up the name of Hungerford, for Comptroller, and on election day, vote for Hungerford, for State Senator, [Cheers.] He had no fear of the issue of this contest. Even though the Government should fall into the hands of Whigs, they could do but little harm so long as they were kept in the straight jacket of the new Constitution. [Cheers.] Mr. Van Buren would leave every man free to do as he pleased in regard to supporting the Syracuse ticket. The Democrats who heard him might do as they pleased. They can vote it if they choose; but, said Mr. Van Buren, I'm the man that won't do it. [Tumultuous cheering.] I won't, because no principles were expressed by the convention by which it was nominated. I won't, because it refused to declare itself in favour of freedom. I won't, because I could not, and maintain my self-respect. I won't, because to do so would gratify the men who last year crucified Silas Wright. [Great applause.] Now you may take your own course—do what you choose. Those of you indebted to conservative banks, better vote the ticket. Doctors who have conservative patients better vote the ticket. Lawyers who have conservative clients better vote the ticket. Chicken pedlars and fish mongers, who have conservative customers, better vote the ticket; because, if they do not, the conservatives will sacrifice you if they can. But for me, I won't vote that ticket. [Protracted cheering.] Mr. Van Buren had been told that he was giving Croswell too much consequence. But this was a mistake. You could not give a man too much consequence who has the power to thrust from the Executive chair, if not into his grave, such a man as Silas Wright. It was true, he had no respect for his integrity, veracity, or patriotism; but he had respect for his zeal, talents, and energy. He is brains for the whole conservative party. [Cheers.] Where would your Peckhams, your Roses, your Gallups, your Seymours, and your Watsons be, if it were not for Edwin Croswell? They wouldn't know enough to go home in a dark night. [Laughter.] In conclusion, Mr. Van Buren said he had taken his stand deliberately, and he believed he had the sympathy of the masses. If men can read the papers—attend the Herkimer Convention—and witness this enthusiastic gathering—and are still unable to realize that the back-bone of the party is broken, they may wiggle along until after the election in their blessed ignorance, and then they will realize it.—[Cheers.] I repeat, you may all do as you please; but I shan't support that ticket. [Cheers.] I am aware that I am accused of violating the usages of the democratic party; but cheating isn't a usage of the party. [Laughter.] The Herkimer Convention declared that the action of the Syracuse Convention was of no binding force. This I believe. [Cheers.] I shall choose my own candidates. I shall vote my own ticket. I shall vote to "Maintain Freedom"—to "Rebuke Fraud," to "Remember Silas Wright." [Tremendous and prolonged cheers.] It is for you to do as you please. I know you are intelligent. I know you are patriotic. I know you are discreet, and I believe you will act right. [Cheers, and "we will."] The political sea is now tempest tossed; but in the midst of the dashing billows, I think I see the spirit of liberty moving upon the face of the waters; and I think I hear, even above the roar of the tempest, a spirit whisper, "Be of good cheer; it is I—be not afraid." [Shout after shout, and the most tumultuous enthusiasm, followed this termination of a speech, of which we have given but little more than a skeleton.]

From the Practical Christian.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Our readers will be gratified to see the *title deeds* of transfer and emancipation, by which this MAN (a pretty fair specimen of the species) is proved to have been once a *chattel*, and subsequently to have obtained possession of himself. Frederick put a printed copy of these deeds into our hand at Providence, the other day, and here they are. We reprint from an English publication, entitled "*Monthly Illustrations of American Slavery*."

A MAN'S TITLE DEEDS OF HIMSELF.

SHOWING HOW THEY MANAGE THINGS IN THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

"Know all men by these Presents, That I, Thomas Auld, of Talbot county, and State of Maryland, for and inconsideration of the sum of one hundred dollars current money to me in hand paid by Hugh Auld, of the city of Baltimore, in the said State, at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof, I, the said Thomas Auld, do hereby acknowledge, have granted, bargained, and sold, and by these presents do grant, bargain, and sell unto the said Hugh Auld, his executors, administrators, and assigns, ONE NEGRO MAN, by the name of FREDERICK BAILY, or DOUGLASS, as he calls himself,—he is now about twenty-eight years of age,—to have and to hold the said negro man for life. And I, the said Thomas Auld, for myself, my heirs, executors, and administrators, all and singular, the said FREDERICK BAILY, *alias* DOUGLASS, unto the said Hugh Auld, his executors, administrators and assigns, against me, the said Thomas Auld, my executors and administrators, and against all and every other person or persons whatsoever, shall and will warrant and forever defend by these presents. In witness whereof, I set my hand and seal, this thirteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

"THOMAS AULD.

"Signed, sealed, and delivered in presence
of Wrightson Jones,
"John C. Leas."

The authenticity of this *Bill of Sale* is attested by N. Harrington, "a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland, and for the county of Talbot;" dated same day as above.

"To all who it may concern: Be it known, that I, Hugh Auld, of the city of Baltimore, in Baltimore county, in the State of Maryland, for divers good causes and considerations, me thereunto moving, have released from Slavery, liberated, manumitted, and set free, and by these presents do hereby release from Slavery, liberate, manumit, and set free, MY NEGRO MAN, named FREDERICK BAILY, otherwise called FREDERICK DOUGLASS, being of the age of twenty-eight years, or thereabouts, and able to work and gain a sufficient livelihood and maintenance; and him the said negro man, named FREDERICK BAILY, otherwise called FREDERICK DOUGLASS, I do declare to be henceforth free, manumitted, and discharged from all manner of servitude to me, my executors or administrators forever.

"In witness whereof, I the said Hugh Auld, have hereunto set my hand and seal, the fifth of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

"HUGH AULD.

"Sealed and delivered in
presence of T. Hanson Belt,
"James N. S. T. Wright."

The attestation of this *Deed of Manumission* is signed by T. Hanson Belt, "a Justice of the Peace [illegible] Baltimore," dated "on the day and year aforesaid."

Note.—Some time previous to the date of his legal freedom, it appears that Frederick Douglass had been transferred, as a little token of fraternal affection, from one brother to the other. But before Hugh Auld could lawfully execute a deed for F. D.'s manumission, it became necessary that he should show how he had obtained him. Hence the "Bill of Sale," already quoted.

As the phrase, "for divers good causes and considerations, me thereunto moving," may appear to some a little mysterious, the following is annexed by way of explanation:—

"Baltimore, December 12th, 1846. Received from ——, of ——, by the hands of ——, the sum of seven hundred and eleven dollars and ninety-six cents, in full of the consideration of a certain Deed of Manumission of a negro man known by the name of FREDERICK BAILY, otherwise DOUGLASS, formerly MY SLAVE FOR LIFE, bearing date on the fifth of December, eighteen hundred and forty-six.

HUGH AULD.

From the Christian World.

A RESPONSE

To the Address of the Irish Unitarian Christian Society, from their Brethren in America.

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS.—We deeply regret that any circumstances should have prevented your Address, sent to this country in February, 1846, from receiving an earlier reply. It was communicated to the first general meeting of our Ministers, after its arrival here, in May of the last year, and a committee was chosen to prepare an answer. As the letter which was then written did not receive the assent of the entire committee, all further action was suspended until the usual meeting in May of the present year. We assure you that we shall meet your appeal in the same spirit of brotherhood in which, it was written, and although we answer you in few words, and after long delay, we know that our Response will receive a cordial welcome.

First,—we thank you for your words of remonstrance and love, respecting Slavery in this country. We cannot think of national divisions, while we bow before the same Cross of Love. Brothers are to speak to brothers all over the world, in pleadings for freedom and peace, in Christlike rebukes of all unchristian laws and unchristian practice. Nothing can be more beautiful than to see men sending abroad food to starving multitudes, or eternal principles for the immortal mind, without regard to any separations of land or sea,—in the divine spirit of the Redeemer's charity.

The day has long since passed, when men can be indifferent, or silent, respecting this great question of Slavery. Every lover of his country, every friend of his race, every disciple of the Gospel of impartial love, must ardently long to remove this stain from our national character; to have "this greatest possible wrong," for ever abolished.

This reform is vital to the existence of this nation. Slavery must fall, or else,—by the power it exerts to obscure the idea and destroy the love of Freedom, to make us compromise truth and principle more and more, through temptations of national prosperity,—all our Liberty shall be blasted and perish, under its deadly influence. We are called to this great question, by a distinct and visible summons in the Providence of God. No man, we think, can be justified in failing to exert his utmost power in a work so divine. None can say through what agitations of the public mind we may pass, before it shall be accomplished: but the lovers of truth know, that faithfulness to holy principle shall at length be crowned with success. The word must accomplish the thing whereunto it is sent. And when the difficulties seem greatest, and the future darkest, it behoves the friends of Freedom to labour more untiringly in the prayer and love of Jesus, assured that in all such action there can be neither failure nor mistake.

We confess with grief and with shame, that some of the signs of the present time are very dark. No *false* patriotism shall prevent the simple and the free expression of our convictions. The Government has given extension and apparent victory to Slave-institutions, in some of its measures. It wields its power, at times, for that precise end. We are only repeating now, the open secret of the civilized world. The results of this deplorable and wicked war with Mexico will be inevitably, for a time at least, disastrous to the cause of Freedom.

Multitudes among us fail to give that clear, uncompromising testimony which the crisis imperatively demands. The natural influence of the existence of this national crime of Slavery for so many years, and the tireless efforts of its defenders, have done much to secure its perpetuity and triumph. *Many* things discourage us, as we look at the present aspect of public affairs, yet there are cheering indications also. Slavery is rapidly becoming the paramount question in the public mind, both on the part of its defenders and its foes. Let the issue be distinctly presented between Liberty and Oppression; let men feel, that they *must* either be labouring for Freedom, or riveting the chains upon their brothers; and, however severe the contest, we cannot believe that God will permit us to fail. A purer Anti-Slavery sentiment, based upon eternal principles, is diffusing itself, we trust, in many portions of the land: some divisions of the Christian Church are awakening to the call now made upon them in the providence of God. This better sentiment is not always visible; it is often overborne as yet: but we believe it is silently and surely leavening the mass of society, and preparing the way for glorious revolutions.

We join you in the prayer that we, and all, may be faithful in this cause of God. We join you in the wish, that every Unitarian may soon be known as an unwavering advocate of universal Freedom; that the *sentiment* of the Protest to which you allude, may be a statement of the *action* of every disciple of our Faith. And we devoutly trust, that through the untiring efforts of earnest hearts, here and everywhere, giving one united, holy, Christian testimony in its behalf, the spirit of Liberty may become so mighty, so omnipotent, as to consume every form of Slavery from before its presence.

Glorious and most important works, brethren, are laid upon us, and laid upon you, in our duties to our country, and to the world. With earnest supplications that the spirit of all truth and love may be over you, and over ourselves, in our labours for the diffusion of holy principles, and the destruction of social crimes, giving us a ceaseless energy, and crowning us with its benedictions,

We remain, your Brethren evermore,

GEO. W. BRIGGS.
SAMUEL MAY, JR.
JOHN A. ANDREW,
JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE,
F. D. HUNTINGTON.
ANDREW P. PEABODY,
SAMUEL OSGOOD.
FREDERICK W. HOLLAND.

August 3, 1847.

From the Practical Christian.

RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this society took place according to previous announcement at Mechanics' Hall in Providence, on the 19th and 20th inst. We had the pleasure of participating in the exercises and privileges of the occasion. With the exception of the first morning session the meetings were well attended. Well attended in point of numbers, and what is better in point of *interest*. Rowdyism, which, on some former occasions, hovered around and disturbed the assembly, made no demonstrations. The multitude looked and acted as if the Anti-Slavery cause was one which demanded grave and earnest consideration. They heard and demeaned themselves, with very slight exceptions, like men and women of sense, determined to understand their duty and perform it. There has evidently been decided progress in the public mind of that community toward a healthful and vigorous Anti-Slavery sentiment. The people, the enlightened and honest-hearted portion of them, at least, are coming to the rescue.

Frederick Douglass, Henry Clapp, James N. from without the State, besides the Rhode Island advocates of the cause, addressed the assembled people, each with the effect of his own peculiar talent and manner, and all with freedom and public acceptance. We are happy to believe, that whatever tendencies have existed among our friends in that State, towards what is termed *no-organization*, and the relinquishment of concentrated organic action in behalf of the slave, there is now a general conviction of the necessity and duty of such action. The leading members of the society publicly disclaimed ever entertaining any purpose or desire to abandon anti-slavery organization, or to favour the doctrine of no-organization otherwise than by asserting the importance of preserving unimpaired in every organization individual rights, responsibility, and conscientiousness. To this no one objects. There were slight indications of a difference of opinion respecting modes and instrumentalities between some of the speakers, but nothing to interfere obstructively with the general current in favour of a more active organized prosecution of the cause. The regular election of officers for the ensuing year took place in due course, and the raising of funds was hopefully commenced. We trust, therefore, that our friends will feel moved by the earnest exhortations they received, as well as their own self-evolved convictions, to push their united exertions during the ensuing year with new and unusual vigour. They have a community to renovate which requires all their ability, skill, and perseverance, but which, once fairly abolitionized, will be important among the thousands of Israel. We are surprised and mortified to learn that the steamboats and railroads from this State towards the South are still under the control of inhuman colorphobia, pride, and prejudice, so much so that no coloured person, however civil, gentlemanly, intelligent, moral, or pious, can be treated with the justice and respect due from man to man. How any person of decent standing in society can *favour* or *tolerate* such a base prejudice without utter shame, we cannot conceive. And yet there are thousands called respectable who deem it a mark of their own superiority to degrade and abuse a fellow-man, for no other reason than that he was born with a dark skin. Anti-Slavery friends in Rhode Island, it devolves on you to make the people ashamed of such ill-breeding, and redeem the land of Roger Williams from such disgrace.

We might honestly indulge in glowing descriptions of the powerful and unique eloquence poured forth at this gathering, of the warm, welcome, and hospitable cheer accorded to the friends from abroad, and of the prevailing animation of soul among our friends which betokened an auspicious future. But we will not go further into particulars, dwell on incidents, or multiply words. May the Anti-Slavery friends in Rhode Island honour their profession, act well the noble part they have undertaken in this righteous cause, and at length behold their efforts crowned with triumphant success.

From the Louisville Examiner.

THE LAMENTATION.

The Richmond (Va.) Republican, says:

"Would that the South would awake, and prepare to defend herself—not by "weakness," not by the Constitution alone—not by the sword, but by those great engines which have achieved the march of the North to greatness. By enterprise, by making labour respectable, by internal improvements, by supplying her own wants from her own industry,—she will bring about an era when the designs of Providence will no longer be thwarted by the apathy of man, and the South will occupy the position of the strong instead of the feeble—the protector instead of the protected."

Well and sensibly spoken! Strongly put, brother, as every Southern will admit!

But *how* shall the South awake from the "*apathy*" which enfeebles her? *How* rouse the spirit of enterprise, and rise to greatness? *How* cease from thwarting the designs of Providence?

We waste our strength by clinging to an institution which paralyses us. That, *and that alone*, breeds all our "*apathy*." What, then, as good citizens, and good Christians, should we do, except remove, at once, the cause of the difficulty?

We may preach from now 'till doomsday about the respectability of labour; we may talk with all the earnestness which man can feel in behalf of enterprise;—we cannot feel the one, or be quickened by the other, while Slavery curses our soil. Is it not madness, folly, and, worse yet, impiety, then, to refuse to consider this subject, to act upon it, and thus to "thwart the designs of Providence," and keep the South for ever down?

"Apathy!" The boys of the South, nursed amid Slavery, know not what labour means. The men of the South, reared up in dependence, can never be nerved by the spirit of enterprise. When we are bid to shake off this apathy—to be men of action—we are bid to do impossibilities. Is the Virginia planter deficient in personal pride? No man has more of it. Yet he permits the Northerner to take up his worn out lands, and convert them into fertile fields before his eyes, while his "*used*" farm, under slave culture, is becoming more and more impoverished every day! Does the Carolinian lack energy of character. Where instructed, no human being can do or dare more. Yet he cannot lift a finger in building a railway, or starting a manufactory, without the aid of a "scoundrel Yankee!"

No! No! Mr. Republican! We have to open our eyes to the cause of all our difficulty—*to see it*—and to clutch and KILL it, before the South can "occupy the position of the strong, instead of the feeble, the protector, instead of the protected." And yet, those of us who are endeavouring to bring about this result—who come bluff up to the point, speaking honestly the truth, while others are talking round and about, and at it, yet never naming it—are denounced, decried, abused, as if we sought to hurt, and not to bless our native land! Shame upon this spirit! Shame upon the men who confess the difficulty, yet FEAR to declare the cause of it!

From the Phœnixville Pioneer.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Anti-Slavery Convention held in this place on Saturday and Sunday last, was very numerously attended. Messrs. Cyrus M. Burleigh and Miller McKim were present, and made several spirited and eloquent speeches illustrating the wrong of Slavery, and its political bearing, with reference to the North. A forcible address was also made by Col. Sutherland in opposition to the extension of the "area of Slavery," by foreign conquest. The audience throughout was exceedingly respectful and attentive, and we hope the good seed sown among them, may not be without its harvest.

We think a great deal of good may be attained through these conventions, a series of which are at present being held in different parts of the country. In neighbourhoods, particularly, which are not awakened to the great purposes of reform, the high moral principles enforced by the speakers, in a style which cannot fail to arouse thought and enchain sympathy, will do much towards the disemination of Anti-Slavery truth. The times demand efforts of this kind, and we trust they will not be in vain.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

THE MOUNT HOLLY SLAVE CASES.

An obliging correspondent has sent us a slip from the *Burlington Gazette* containing the subjoined brief account of the trial and its incidents, at Mount Holly on Wednesday, involving the rights of three negroes claimed by Mr. John Roth, a slaveholder from Cecil County, Md. as fugitive slaves. These persons—Perry and Noah Hewson, and Rachael Pine—have lived near Mount Holly for several years with good repute, and two of them married there and have families. On Thursday of last week they were enticed from their houses on a pretended claim for taxes, and were unexpectedly arrested on reaching Mount Holly. A trial of course was demanded, and on Wednesday of this week it was brought on before a magistrate of the county. The course and result of the trial are thus reported:

To-day being the time appointed to try the claim of the person who alleged that the three negroes arrested here last week belonged to him, the town at an early hour was filled with those who felt an interest in the matter; among whom were a great many coloured persons, many of whom had come a considerable distance. Upon the ringing of the bell, the court-house was filled. The Judge directed that one-half the room should be assigned to the coloured persons, which was at once filled to overflowing. The claimant and the claimed appeared at the bar of the Court, the one to substantiate and the others to defend the claim, and with the latter came as their champion David Paul Brown, Esq. so well known for his brilliant efforts in the cause of abolition.

Mr. Slack, who had been employed at the time of the arrest of the alleged fugitive, being very unwell, was not able to assist in their defence. It was agreed between the counsel of the two parties, that one jury should try the claim to all, as the claim was the same to all as to one. The jury was called, and the counsel for the negroes exercised the right of challenge, by which three persons who had been returned by the Sheriff were excused from service. A *tales* was awarded, and a full jury empannelled, when the claimant's counsel opened the case and proceeded to proof of his right of property in the negroes, which was done most indubitably by four witnesses, three of whom have known the negroes from their childhood, until they made their escape in 1844.

Upon the part of the negroes no testimony was offered. It was then offered, on the part of the counsel for the claimant, to submit the matter to the jury without argument, which proposition was not acceded to.

Mr. Moffett then briefly addressed the jury, stating the points and evidence upon which they relied, after which Mr. Spencer made quite an effective address in behalf of the claimed, and was followed by Mr. Brown on the same side, who made an effort in the style for which he is so justly celebrated. Mr. Stratton, on behalf of the claimant, then closed the argument in one of the happiest addresses which has ever fallen from his lips. During the day much interest was shown, and all seemed to listen with a feeling which nothing but such a subject can enlist. About 5 1-2 o'clock the jury retired from the box, and after an absence of a very few minutes, returned in Court and rendered their verdict *in favour of the claimant*. At this time there were a great many blacks in the room. The Sheriff requested them to leave the room and to go beyond the limits of the lot which surrounds the court-house.

The last word had not fallen from his lips, when the two negro men whom the jury had but a moment before declared to be the property of the claimant, made an effort to escape, and for some minutes such a scene as was there exhibited it has never been my fortune to behold. It had been rumoured that the negroes had said that the owner should never take them alive, and from the great number present much fear was felt that there would be a general rush for a rescue. It was long before the two men could be induced to give up the struggle—nay, they did not give up until completely overpowered and tied. The Sheriff being apprehensive of an outbreak, had taken the precaution to have the volunteer company in readiness at a moment's warning; and it now entered the Court-room. The blacks had, however, all left the Court, and, so far as I am able to learn did not take any part in the matter. Some, however, were making very grave and threatening denunciations, and much excitement prevailed. The Sheriff called upon all good citizens to assist in preserving peace, and all those who were not willing to assist the officers in the discharge of their duty were ordered immediately to withdraw. The fugitives were then carried to the jail, there to await their removal by the owner. As there were many blacks around, and some threats were made, it was thought best to have a guard kept in the town, and Capt. Forker's company of National Guards are now acting as patrols. This was done to prevent a rising of the blacks, as some had threatened an attempt at rescue and a firing of the county buildings. I have been informed that two negroes were found secreted near the buildings. All blacks not residents of the town were ordered to withdraw to their homes, or to a convenient distance, under pain of arrest if the command was not complied with. All is now quiet.

The identity of the negroes appears to have been fully proved, but many who listened to the trial were not satisfied with the proof of the claimant's right to them. The whole evidence, we understand, together with the arguments of counsel, are to be published in pamphlet form for distribution.

From the Evangelical Repository.

TRIAL OF DOCTOR MITCHELL.

MR. EDITOR:—Being present at the trial of Dr. Mitchell, before Judges Grier and Irvine, at Pittsburgh, last May, wherein one Vanmetre, of Virginia, claimed five hundred dollars of the Doctor, under the act of Congress, because of his harbouring and secreting his human chattel, some things there occurred which, I believe, will be of interest to your readers. Able attorneys were engaged on both sides. Those of the plaintiff commenced to the jury by insisting that, in order to do justice in the cause, they should divest themselves of all that inherent love of liberty so natural to the human breast, as well as all the sympathy of heart so common to all men, and that they must look with a single eye to the law and Constitution alone for their guide in making their verdict. From which I inferred that the counsel well knew that, unless the jury would strip themselves of their humanity, and spurn from their souls the image of God, the plaintiff could not recover. The leading counsel for the defendant insisted that the time had come when the people ought to know whether the Constitution and the Christian religion were in unison with each other. Whether we might feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and shelter the stranger: and asked the Court, in charging the jury, to settle these questions. Judge Grier said, in charge, we might feed the hungry, &c. but that if we did any act, the natural tendency of which was to let or hinder the pursuing master in reclaiming his escaping slave, knowing him to be a slave, we violated the Constitution and law, and subjected ourselves to the penalty. Now, suffer a few reflections. As it seems to be admitted by the ablest jurists on the Anti-Slavery side, that the construction of the Judge is Constitutional and agreeable to law, how can we swear to support it, with such an antichristian clause as gives rise to the opinion of the Judge under this admitted view of the Constitution? I put a case. Suppose I were an escaping slave, and came to your door and begged some bread, urging the request by the fact that I was closely pursued by my master, and nearly exhausted for want of food; and supposing you gave it me, and that, by the increased strength it gave me, I was helped to escape from my master; you have violated the Constitution and law, and must suffer for it: yes, suffer for doing the very thing which the *righteous* Judge declares that if you do it not, you shall go into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. I have for years been troubled in my mind as to the propriety of swearing to support the Constitution, but the above trial brought me to a stone still stand. To cease to vote seemed to be tying my hands in the day of battle, and to vote men into place who would have to take the oath to support such antichristian law was impossible. In this the day of my perplexity it occurred to me that, at the time the Constitution was framed, it was distinctly *understood* by the framers of it that Slavery should be of short continuance, and that it would soon pass out through State legislation; and, in view of this, the Constitution was so worded that it need not be altered when Slavery had ceased to exist in the States. I therefore came to the conclusion that the time had elapsed, and that Slavery had no constitutional being either in the General or State Governments, as such existence would be in violation of the understanding of the framers of the Constitution, which understanding is evident from the history of those times, and from the face of the Constitution itself. And I have also concluded to vote for no man that would not come to the same conclusion, although he might not adopt my premises in arriving at it. Nor would I support any man who would not make known this determination to the administrator of the oath at the time of the administration of it. This subject of voting under our Constitution is greatly agitating the religious community, is increasing daily, and has been partly discussed heretofore in the Repository; it is hoped, therefore, that you will give this communication a place.

OLD PATHS.

Communications.

Rhode Island Annual Meeting.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society, was held at Mechanics' Hall, in Providence, on the 20th and 21st October. The President being absent, George L. Clark, one of the Vice Presidents, took the chair, and D. B. Harris was chosen Secretary, pro tem. The annual report of the Secretary of the Society was read and accepted, and officers chosen for the next year, and money raised for future Anti-Slavery operations. The discussions, as they have been heretofore at the Rhode Island meetings, were bold, fearfully hostile to all existing pro-slavery institutions, and throughout the Convention thrillingly interesting. The speaking commenced on the forenoon of the first day.—Adin Ballou opened the debate by introducing the following resolutions, to which he spoke at considerable length, in his usual courteous, temperate, and argumentative style:

Resolved, That either slaveholding is essentially just, humane, benevolent, and worthy of universal adoption, or else it is essentially iniquitous, inhuman, malevolent, and deserving of universal execration.

Resolved, That if slaveholding is essentially iniquitous, inhuman, malevolent, and execrable, then no human law, custom, or opinion, affords any justification, or excuse for treating it as innocent and allowable.

Resolved, That the principal political parties and most popular religious sects in the United States from the adoption of the Federal Constitution, to this day, have treated slaveholding as innocent and allowable—and that public opinion at this moment while nominally acknowledging the wickedness of the practice, still treats it as an excusable fault rather than as an utterly abhorrent sin.

Resolved, That until slaveholding shall come to be viewed with utter abhorrence as an intolerable sin against God and humanity it will continue to be winked at and upheld by popular politicians, religionists, and the mass of the people.

Resolved, That the great work of Abolitionists is, to change public sentiment from toleration of slaveholding to utter execration and disfellowship of it in every social relation of life.

Resolved, That the Mexican war, with all its horrors, naturally and inevitably resulted from the annexation of Texas to the American Union; that the annexation of Texas was consummated to extend and establish the system of American Slavery; and that all those politicians who *forwarded* or *acquiesced in* the said annexation as an act binding the whole people of the Federal Union, are responsible for the present war.

Resolved, That if those statesmen, politicians, and citizens who now deplore the Mexican war, had heeded the timely warnings of the Abolitionists and heartily concurred with them, opposing the annexation of Texas, they would probably have averted the crimes and calamities into which their country has been so madly plunged by the slaveholders, and *certainly* secured to themselves the approbation of reason and conscience by which they are now justly condemned.

The following resolution was introduced by George L. Clarke:

Resolved, That this society learns with great satisfaction that Frederick Douglass, the eminent and talented pleader in the cause of human freedom, has determined to publish a paper for the advocacy of his own views on the great question of emancipation; and we recommend him to the sympathy and co-operation of the friends of Freedom throughout the world.

The two next resolutions were presented by Mr. Douglass:

Resolved, That this society renew the earnest expressions of its decided and increasing conviction, that the American churches and ministers constitute the bulwark of American Slavery.

Resolved, That while those churches and ministers continue in their wicked connection with slaveholders and slave-drivers, and withhold their efforts from all abolition movements, all pretensions to Christianity on their part ought to be regarded as bold impiety and blasphemous hypocrisy.

The next resolution was presented by Henry Clapp, jr. and written some years since by N. P. Rogers:

Resolved, That Slavery is as injury against man whether it be a sin against *God* or not: that it is *inhuman*, whether it be unchristian or not: not because the slave is made in the *image of God*, which some are heard to contend and others deny, but because he is made in the *reality of a man*, which none can doubt; and because slavery degrades him as well as degrades and ruins his master; and therefore that it ought to be abolished for its self-evident iniquity and mischief, whatever authority its defenders may bring to its support.

These resolutions, embracing all that were presented during the meeting, were unanimously adopted after being discussed by Adin Ballou, Frederick Douglass, Henry Clapp, jr. J. N. Buffum, Thomas Van Ransalear, and others. It is unnecessary to say of "speeches" from such champions in our cause, that they were earnest, bold, truthful, and eloquent, and that they were listened to with marked attention by every one who heard them. We may better say, perhaps, that our meeting throughout, was of the same character with other meetings, where these and other kindred spirits assemble to give heart and counsel to the Anti-Slavery host—that it was a meeting for the good Anti-Slavery cause, and that the speaking was such as the cause needed, and has had good effect upon the people. There was something more than the usual scarcity of clerical actors at our meeting. A few years ago the Providence clergy seemed not ashamed or afraid to meet with us; but this year only two or three came in, and these, with one exception, left us without bearing any testimony against Slavery, or in support of their crumbling institutions, to the nursing of which they claim to have been appointed by Heaven.

Friend Jewitt, of Bible notoriety, was the only defender of religion and the Church, who thought it expedient to open his lips in behalf of those institutions. He exhorted the speakers not to trifle with man's spiritual interests nor jeopardize the people's souls. Religion, as he understood it, must not be fought against, even to overthrow Slavery. Douglass told the audience to ridicule such cant and laugh it down—indeed to laugh at the consecrated pro-slavery priest whenever he should presume to talk to them about their spiritual good and their souls welfare. He said the people were too religious—that religion stood in the direct path of freedom and humanity, and of every righteous reform. The Convention received this sentiment with applause. It is the doctrine which Rhode Island Abolitionists endeavour to carry out in practice. The drift of nearly all the speeches at the Convention was, as it should have been, against the bulwark of American Slavery—against the pulpits and the churches that create, encourage, and perpetuate a public sentiment so corrupt, that the people, instead of standing aghast with horror, in view of the enormity of the slave system, sit quietly under its blighting influences, and without remonstrance, acquiesce in its atrocious demands.

This meagre notice of the Rhode Island Convention may be sufficient to inform our distant friends and coworkers in the cause, that we had a pleasant, profitable, and enthusiastic meeting.

D. B. HARRIS,
Secretary, pro tem.

British American Institute.

The undersigned, as the Executive Committee of the above Institution in Dawn, Canada West, take pleasure in making known to the public its progress and prospects.

Its benevolent design is extensively known to well-informed Anti-Slavery people, which is to favour with the blessing of education, especially, though not exclusively the coloured population of Canada upon the Industrial or Manual Labour System. The public mind is too well enlightened to require from us, any special pleading as to the necessity or utility of this system.

The Institution is admirably located, at the head of navigation, on the Sydenham river, thirteen miles from its junction with the waters of the St. Clair, in the midst of a remarkably fertile district of country, sixty miles North by East from Detroit, which is the most prominent crossing place for coloured emigration to Canada on the Continent.

In this section of Canada, within one day's travel of the Institution, there are not less than four thousand coloured people, with few exceptions refugees from Slavery.

The Institution has attached to it three hundred acres of first quality land, held by trustees, the original cost of which was eleven hundred dollars when purchased five years ago, but with buildings erected and improvements made, is now worth as many thousands. Number of acres cleared, nearly one hundred; buildings erected, seven.

It commands the river for nearly half a mile on both sides, and the centre of the tract is not more than half a mile from the flourishing village of Dresden, and but six miles from the survey for the Great Western Railroad.

Secular Enterprises. Two enterprising men of colour, from North Carolina and Virginia, have already erected a rope-walk and commenced manufacturing the best of cordage, with hemp of their own growing, upon the soil, which, for quality and quantity to the acre, is rarely surpassed in Ohio or Kentucky. This enterprise is no longer a doubtful experiment; it is introducing a new era among the coloured hemp-growers from Kentucky and other parts of the South.

A steam saw-mill is being erected, to which is to be attached a grist-mill and some other machinery, which is expected to be in operation by the first of January ensuing, at about three thousand dollars cost; two thousand five hundred dollars of which have been raised through the instrumentality of the Rev. Josiah Henson, from a few rich men in Boston and vicinity, with the express understanding, that when put in successful operation, all the profits arising therefrom should be sacredly devoted to the cause of education. As the country is new and the forests in the region abound with black walnut and other valuable timber of the most stately growth, it is consequently expected that it will operate advantageously to the cause for which it is now being erected, and greatly, if not wholly diminish the necessity of soliciting help from abroad.

A coloured man from South Carolina, who is an experienced and well-bred millwright, is the designer and master builder. Two coloured men who are first-rate blacksmiths, (one of them an experienced engineer and engine builder,) are diligently at work making the boilers. An apartment for the engine, furnaces, &c. will be built of brick in the most substantial manner, there being about one hundred thousand bricks on hand, which were made on the premises last year.

Without taking to ourselves any praise, but rather giving thanks to the Father of mercies, whence all our blessings flow, we are bold to say that the Institution has already accomplished much good, and its prospects for usefulness are now brighter than at any former period. Applications for admission are frequent, and in all probability not less than eighty scholars will be instructed in the adult and juvenile departments the ensuing winter. Our enterprise in Dawn is evidently the dawning of hope for the injured race, with which most of us are connected, on *the American Continent*. We have been favoured the past summer with the presence of many distinguished visitors, white and coloured, who if called on, would cheerfully add their testimony to our statements.

In conclusion, we would modestly ask assistance from such as have it in their power to give, and have the best interests of the refugees from Slavery and their children at heart.

Trusting in the God of Heaven, and not in an arm of flesh, our watchword is onward. We verily believe that help will come, and that right early, and that God will be glorified in the strengthening of our feeble hands and the elevation of our afflicted race.

PETER B. SMITH,
JAMES STUMP,
THOMAS GREENE,
VINCENT JOHNSON,
JOSIAH HENSON,
GEORGE CARY.
} *Executives Committe.*

Dawn Mills, Canada West, October 4th, 1847.

NEW YORK, November 5th, 1847.

The subscriber begs leave to tender his sincere thanks to all who have aided him hitherto, in his work of philanthropy, among the refugees in Canada, from *American Despotism and Slavery!* and would simply say, that his present state of *embarrassment and destitution of the means of comfortable support*, sufficiently indicate a lamentable want of interest in his important but unpopular work.

Having served in Canada for eleven years past, not under any party or sectarian banner, but alone, as a Christian philanthropist, he would gladly continue to discharge the duties of his humble calling in that capacity, and will consent to in no other. Receiving no salary or guaranty of support from any source, he feels it to be his duty to define his position thus, and will cheerfully abide the issue. ☞ The friends of the Manual Labour School at Dawn will please address their communications to George Cary, who is the principal teacher and Secretary.

HIRAM WILSON,
Agent & Missionary.

Proclamation.

A day of universal thanksgiving is due to Almighty God, for not only blessings bestowed upon the people of this country, but for the fact that God has thus far stayed His wrath. And as believers in divine retribution, we should be humbly thankful that He has not, ere this, showered down upon us that storm of lava and brimstone which we have reason to believe He has long been gathering. And more especially when we behold the existing war in all its horrors, and the tree (Slavery) of whose fruit it is, and when we reflect too that there is placed over God's vineyard upwards of twenty thousand priests, who claim to be orthodox, and at the same time have allowed the devil to range uncontrolled, spreading bloodshed, robbery and death; and who have told us that Slavery was of God, and that it is a necessary evil, a sort of organic sin; that is, an organization of robbers have established it as a law, consequently they have nothing to do with it, at the same time they have been guilty of taking money of men who sell little heathen babies in this country, and sending it to the Pacific Isles for the purpose of teaching the heathen *there* God's ways; in view of these things we should most especially humble ourselves in dust and ashes, and with our eyes cast towards Heaven, (constantly expecting to see the dark smoke and curling flames descend,) intercede with God for the safety of His poor miserable, unprofitable servants; for we verily believe that if they had preached what they profess, for the last ten years, this ungodly state of things would not have been.

As the commencement of the year is a good time to turn over a new leaf, I would recommend having thanksgiving as universal as the new year.

I. D. R.

CLYDE, October 24th, 1847.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 11, 1847.

The Buffalo Convention—Present Position of the Liberty Party.

We find in a late number of the Albany Patriot a letter from Mr. Goodell, in which he gives an account of the sayings and doings of the Liberty party Convention at Buffalo, and which is, we take it, a much more reliable account than that contained in the official report. Or rather we are left to conjecture from the official report, that which Mr. Goodell discloses in a very straightforward manner, and, no doubt, very much to the chagrin of the leaders in the Convention, who would probably be very glad to keep out of sight much that he makes as clear as daylight. Our readers, and especially those of the Liberty party, will, we suppose, be glad to know something of the position in which the Convention has placed the party. Supposing Mr. Goodell to be a competent witness, and of that there can be no doubt, the party may be considered as absolutely dead. Indeed, the Buffalo Convention seems to have been called chiefly to give it a decent burial. Whether these last offices have been performed in a becoming manner, every one will judge according to his previous predilections. Many of its friends will doubtless complain of the manner as rather slovenly and indecent, while others will think it mattered little how it was done, so it were done well and quickly. How it was done we proceed to show, taking Mr. Goodell's letter for our guide.

Before the Convention was organized, a preliminary session was held, which was occupied in hearing statements from various quarters, touching the progress of the cause. Mr. Goodell was struck with the fact that most of these reports represented the party as at a stand-still. He declares himself, however, not astonished at this, but rather considers it as a natural state of things, and as a prelude to a re-union on a firmer basis; and this he stated in a "*three-minute speech*"—we beg the reader to observe that the words are quoted—the only one he made, "*in public*," during the sitting of the Convention. The re-union of course refers to the adoption of the nineteen principles of the League, which, however good they may be in themselves, are not, and never will be the principles of those who have heretofore been a majority of the Liberty party. But Mr. Goodell hopes otherwise. At this meeting Mr. Lewis Tappan alluded to a conversation he had recently held with one of the leading men of one of the old parties, who expressed a hope that the Liberty party would defer making its nominations till the spring, inasmuch as great changes were about to take place in—we presume—the Democratic party. This announcement was received with great enthusiasm by a portion of the meeting, and a delegate from New Hampshire immediately announced that he was instructed by his constituents to urge such a postponement. All this seems to have been but a straw, showing how the wind was likely to blow in the Convention.

The Constitutional question, of course, came up for consideration. Upon this subject, it seems, different resolutions were presented to the meeting—one from a majority of the Business Committee, and the other from Gerrit Smith, as a minority of that Committee. The resolutions of the majority declare it the duty of Anti-Slavery men in Congress to urge the repeal of the slave code in the District of Columbia, and the repeal of the act of '93 relative to "fugitives from service;" to oppose the introduction of Slavery in any territory, and to labour for the withdrawal of all support of the Government from Slavery. The three-fifths representation it was declared should be abrogated as unjust and anti-republican; the division of the judicial circuits of the States was pronounced "unjustifiable;" and the laws oppressing particular classes—we presume free blacks are meant—"indefensible." Nothing, it will be observed, is said of the unconstitutionality of Slavery, or of the power of Congress, under the Constitution, to abolish Slavery. The sentiment of the Constitution on these points may be inferred from the two following resolutions. Mr. Goodell rightly characterizes them as containing "the antiquated concessions of compromises, understandings, States rights," &c. But let Liberty party state its own position in its own way:

> "*Resolved*, That the paramount object of the Liberty party is the abolition of Slavery in the United States, by the constitutional acts of the Federal and State Governments.
>
> "*Resolved*, That we fully believe that the measures which we propose—the exclusion of Slavery from our national territories, the prohibition of slaveholding in all places *under the exclusive jurisdiction of the National Government, and the discouragement of it in the States by national example and recommendation*—will result, at no distant day, in the establishment of peaceful emancipation throughout the Union."

We certainly have no wish to complain of these resolutions for their "antiquated concessions." On the contrary, we are glad to see that when the question of the Constitutionality of Slavery comes up fairly before the Liberty party in Convention assembled, that it is not disposed to adopt the sophistry of Messrs. Goodell and Spooner on this subject. We hope that the humbler men of the party who stay at home, and learn their creed from the newspapers, will profit by this new teaching of their leaders. These men have not the courage to say boldly to the world, when they speak with authority for the party, what they say to their followers through the press. They dare not, before the world, and where they can commit the party, assert the absurdity that the Constitution of the United States is Anti-Slavery. But it is a good bait wherewith to catch gudgeons who are weak enough to be troubled with consciences, and are visited with some compunctious visitings for perjury once a year.

The Convention, however, knew what it was about.—"I was surprised," says Mr. Goodell, "to hear Joshua Leavitt, who as editor of the Emancipator had pronounced Spooner's argument unanswerable, attempt an argument to maintain the old doctrine of compromises, and understandings, and State rights, in the peculiar institution!—It seemed to me more like Wendell Phillips than Joshua Leavitt." But he found a solution of the riddle when the views of John P. Hale were afterward made known, and his nomination received the support of Mr. Leavitt. Mr. Goodell adds in a note that when this inconsistency was pointed out to Mr. Leavitt, he "humorously remarked that the *Editor* of the Emancipator was not present." The humour of the reply is not to us the most apparent thing in it. It brings to mind the old story of the prelate who used profanity in his capacity as a private citizen, but whose friend was puzzled to know what would become of the Bishop when the devil claimed as his own the man that bore the title. There are cases, *however*, where the last claimant of souls will not be put to the trouble of making any distinctions of this sort.

After this satisfactory disposal of the Constitutional question, the main business of the Convention came up in the choice of a Presidential candidate. In the nomination of Hale all was gained that could be by a postponement of the nominations. That the "One Idea" party was past service seemed to be the prevailing feeling. The main thing to be settled now was, what should be done with its remains. The Convention settled conclusively that they could not be added to the League. Half a dozen years' experience has quite disgusted the most of them with the hard accommodation of the anxious seats of a third party. Some few—such men, for instance, as S. P. Chase, of Cincinnati—who had never regarded it as anything but a temporary policy, believing that that was no longer necessary, were desirous to prolong its existence only till another party gave fair promise of doing all that it ever proposed to do. Something must be done, and the majority decided that the nomination of Mr. Hale was the thing. It was done, and by that act the Liberty party, excepting the Leaguers, and, perhaps, a few other individuals, marched over in a body to the Independent Democrats.

Whether by so doing they will show a better front—supposing they can be seen at all—at the next election, remains to be seen. The Leaguers were probably one-third of their number. The tie that binds the Independent Democrats of New Hampshire to the Young Democrats of this State, and those who will range themselves under the same banner in others, is stronger than that which binds the former to the Liberty men. Events may yet happen which will make it necessary that these last shall undergo a second process of absorption, or be left alone with only one-half the strength they had three years ago. But there will not, we predict, be enough of them remaining to make a show of standing alone should the new Democratic party, or rather Northern party, now rapidly forming, all over the country, see fit hereafter to take up a more available candidate than Hale. And should he eventually be the candidate of this party, the Liberty party will find itself at the end of eight years separate existence, to have accomplished at least no more, if so much, as it would have done had it adhered to the old policy of "scatteration." It will, at best, only throw its votes for the most anti-slavery of the other parties:—choosing—to use its own phraseology—"the least of two devils."

When the claims of Mr. Hale were brought forward, Mr. L. Tappan read some letters which he had received from that gentleman. We have never supposed that Mr Hale was so wanting in political sagacity as to permit his name to stand before the country simply as a Liberty party candidate for the Presidency. His letters to Mr. Tappan prove the conjecture well founded. He would only permit his name to be used by the Buffalo Convention on condition that he was first nominated by his own party in New Hampshire. Of course he has no objection to the Liberty party people giving him their support as an Independent Democrat; though he is too shrewd a politician not to know that as a Liberty party candidate he could expect nothing from his own party. Mr. Goodell's reflections upon this proviso which Mr. Hale coupled with his consent to a nomination by the Convention, we give in his own words:

> This important condition settles several things:—(1.) That Mr. Hale does not consider the "Independent Democratic" party in New Hampshire to be (as was claimed the next day by *his friends*) identical with the Liberty party; (2.) that Mr. Hale considers himself as belonging to the Independent Democrats, and not to the Liberty party; (3.) that he ranks the "Independent Democratic" party *first*, and the Liberty *second*, in his regards; and, consequently, (4.) that his fealty is primarily due, *not* to the Liberty party, but to the "Independent Democrats." All this is illustrated and confirmed by the fact that the "Independent Democrats" of New Hampshire (taking the hint doubtless) proceeded to nominate Mr. Hale *previous* to the Buffalo Convention, so that the way of his advancement should thus be prepared.

This is to the point, and well put. Mr. Hale is deserving of great credit as a champion of the rights of the North. More than that he never professed to be. His letters, it seems, do not define his position on what has been assumed as the test questions of the Liberty party. He simply refers to his public character and acts. It even "leaked out," says Mr. Goodell, that he is not ready to affirm the doctrine that Congress has the right to abolish the inter-state slave-trade. This discovery seems to have produced some sensation. Dr. Le Moyne and others, of Pennsylvania, declared that the Liberty vote of Pennsylvania could not be obtained for him; and S. P. Chase "was understood to say in private, that it was idle to think of the nomination of Mr. Hale after the reading of his letters, and the statement of his position." Nevertheless, he was nominated, and with the perfect understanding, on the part of the Convention, that he was not sound on one of the oldest testimonies of Abolitionists. Even had the Convention passed no resolutions of "antiquated concessions," Messrs. Goodell and Spooner, in view of this nomination, will have little reason to congratulate themselves on the fruits of their labour to prove the unconstitutionality of Slavery. We trust that for consistency's sake, we shall hear no more of that doctrine from papers that sport the name of John P. Hale, at the head of their columns, as their Presidential candidate.

Here, then, is the end of the Liberty party. The mountain has groaned, lo! these seven years, and here is the mouse. The leaders of the party, nevertheless, have done the best they could. And though we see no signs of their returning honesty, we do of their returning common-sense. A political party is nothing without power, for it does not pretend to move the people in any other way than by force. A political Anti-Slavery party, under the Constitution, can never abolish Slavery, for the very existence of such a party is a pledge to support the system. The best and most sensible thing then the Liberty party could do, was to join itself to any other that gives a fair promise of doing Anti-Slavery work. It now avowedly, and by its own deliberate act, stands where it always has actually, though its members have always denied the position: it is not an Abolition party, but is to be judged, like any other party, by its works—when it has any. Its professions are mere wind. Like those of the Whigs and Democrats, they should be heeded, when they are backed by deeds. At the same time it should be remembered, that while the Whigs and Democrats are advancing in their professions, the Liberty party has stepped backward. Its new associates, we trust, will preserve it from farther retrogression.

Richard Allen, of Dublin, in a letter to the last Liberator, thus describes an interesting incident at the passage of the British Emancipation Act:

> I shall never forget the remarkable night on which the British House of Commons declared that the apprenticeship—that worse infliction than Slavery—should cease in our West India Colonies. The success was so unexpected—the ministry felt so strong—the Abolitionists knew there were such powerful odds against them, that our success and the defeat of the Government, came like a thunder-clap on both. So little did we believe that the debate would have ended so soon,—so little idea had we that the ministry would have cut short their certain triumph, (as every one believed it would be,) that James H. Webb and I had almost to be forced from the strangers' gallery, so fearful were we of losing our good places. In a few minutes after our expulsion, we heard cheers within the house, and on eagerly pressing forward to learn what the unaccountable burst meant, one of the first objects was O'Connell, forcing his portly frame from amongst the crowd of members, his hat crushed into twenty shapes, and *he* cheering at the top of his voice, and announcing the glorious majority of *three* on the side of freedom. And when we hastily adjourned to our Hall of meeting, which was close to the House, to acknowledge with fervent gratitude the triumph of our cause, where we were soon made acquainted with the amazement of the ministry; that they were still determined to oppose the abolition of the odious system, O'Connell, though at that time a determined supporter of the ministry, at once exclaimed to this purport,—"Perish the ministry; I will not support the Government which opposes righteousness! No matter how my country may suffer!"

ANOTHER CAPTAIN OF THE CROSS.—On the 20th ultimo a banner was presented at Nashville, Tennessee, to a new regiment of volunteers about to start for Mexico. The Nashville Union reports the speech of the REVEREND C. D. ELLIOT on this solemn occasion. He fed his flock of lambs after this manner:

"How can an American look upon this scene and not exult? Before me are brave men, ready and willing to dare anything—to die—for the honour of their country. Around me are the fair daughters of Tennessee, with their smiles and benedictions, eager to cheer and bless their noble countrymen. Thus it should be, and while it is thus, our country can but remain free, prosperous, and happy. I will make to you one remark—I make it as a minister of the religion of your country. Whatever else the future historian may write in regard to this war, he will certainly write, in connection with it, one of the brightest pages written in our history, or in the history of any nation enlightened by the sun—it will be this—*before each battle we have said to our implacable foe, 'give us peace'—in the moment of victory, before the echo of our cannons died away, the same—'give us peace.' No man doubts but this offer has been made in sincerity. This is 'seeking peace and pursuing it,' and hence is fulfilling the command of God*; and my faith is that no individual—no nation—obeying the commands of God, can fail of glorious success in the end. We now entreat you all, when far away in a hostile country, *also to have respect for the precepts and commands of our holy religion. From many a consecrated home, and from pious ministers, will ascend daily ardent prayers that God may protect and bless you all.*

"And now, in conclusion, we, as a minister, of the religion of your country, with a heart free to the deed and full of its solemn import, do invoke the blessing of the God of Washington upon your Colonel—upon you all. Should any fall, may He be nigh, in the great Redeemer, to save; and if His will, may you all be restored to your happy homes and loving friends and families."

☞ The Boston Courier, in publishing the following lines, says:

Our friend, HOSEA BIGELOW, has sent the following squib, which we presume he wrote to ridicule the fashion, now getting to be quite prevalent, of asking Tom, Dick, and Harry, how they are going to vote, and then parading the letters they write in answer, as if they settled the right or wrong of the question at issue between the parties. We know of no one more likely to laugh at the thing than J. P. R. himself.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS.

GEORGE N. BRIGGS is a sensible man;
He stays to his home and looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer as straight as he can,
And into nobody's tater-patch pokes.
But John P.
Robinson he
Says he won't vote for Governor B.

My! aint it terrible? What shall we do?
We can't never choose him, of course—that's fist;
I guess we shall have to come round, (do n't you?)
And go in for thunder and guns, and all that;
For John P.
Robinson he
Says he won't vote for Governor B.

General Cushing's a dreadful smart man:
He's been on all sides that give places or pelf;
But consistency still was a part of his plan—
He's been true to *one* party—and that is himself.
So John P.
Robinson he
Says he shall vote for General C.

General Cushing he goes for the war;
He do n't vally principle more'n an old cud;
What did God make us raytional creeturs for,
But glory and gunpowder, plunder and blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Says he shall vote for General C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With old-fashioned idees of what's right and what aint,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage,
And that eppyletts warn't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Says this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must allers be took,
And President Polk, you know, *he* is our country;
And the angel who writes all our sins in a book
Puts the *debit* to him, and to us the *per contry*;
And John P.
Robinson he
Says this is his view of the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argiments lies;
Says they're nothin' on airth but jest lee, faw, fum;
And that all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ignorance, and t'other half rum.
But John P.
Robinson he [we.
Says it ain't no such thing; and, of course, so must

Parson Wilbur says *he* never heard in his life
That the Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
And marched round in front of a drum and a fife,
To get some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Says they did n't know everything down in Judee.

Wal, it's a mercy we've got folks to tell us
The rights and the wrongs of these matters, I vow—
That God sends country lawyers, and other wise fellers,
To drive the world's team when it gets in a slough;
For John P.
Robinson he
Says the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

H. B.

To Correspondents.

M. S. is mistaken. R.'s year expired last week. There can be no mistake in the book, for the entries are regular from the commencement of his subscription.

A. O. G. His letter is received, and we regret to hear of his ill luck.

H. L. If she has any poetical talent, the lines sent us do her great injustice. We must decline their publication, though we were obliged to pay twenty cents postage for them.

J. C. H. Received and honoured. H. Spalding's paper was discontinued by order of the P. M.

C. R. The papers have been accidentally sent to Gilberts Mills, instead of Gilbertsville. The mistake is corrected.

F. W. We trust that he may succeed in his efforts to increase the circulation of the paper in his neighbourhood. Our friends do not consider enough the importance of this sort of labour, and how easily a paper may be sustained by it alone.

A. J. B. We suspended it because it had been so long continued, that many of our readers had never seen the beginning. To finish it would have required nearly a year. The most just course seemed to be to stop where we were, though many, we know, will regret it. It will, we trust, be published in a separate volume.

W. R. Will find the acknowledgment in the paper of September 30th.

Henry Clay and Slavery.

The Tribune published not long since, a letter signed "Kentucky," which claimed a high anti-slavery character for Henry Clay. We intended to take some notice of it, and examine the assertions of "Kentucky" in the light of the speech in the Senate, and the reply to Mr. Mendenhall of Indiana. If the Tribune or its correspondents are disposed to urge this claim made for Mr. Clay, we shall think it worth while to enter into the matter. In the meantime, the following extract from a letter from Lewis Hayden, a fugitive slave from Kentucky, will suffice. We give first an extract from the letter of "Kentucky" to the Tribune.

> "You might have added, however, in the same connection, that among the most zealous of the advocates of Anti-Slavery, none surpass Mr. Clay in ardent and efficient advocacy of emancipation. He laboured long and zealously in Kentucky to accomplish this great object, at a time too when the subject was new and full of danger. He breasted the storm for years, undismayed by the frowns of a large majority of the inhabitants of that State. He knew the subject was unpopular, and that he risked a wide-spread popularity by the course he adopted. Nor did he slacken in his zeal and noble exertions till fully convinced that the time had not yet arrived propitious to the accomplishment of his wishes.
>
> "He remains faithful to this day in ardent desires and judicious exertions for the emancipation of the whole coloured race. This is not all the evidence of his zeal in the cause of emancipation." * * * *

Now have the evidence of Lewis Hayden. From what we know of the man, we have no doubt his assertion is entirely worthy of credit. He says:

"I would like to ask the editor of the Tribune a question. It is this: if Mr. Clay had sold his wife and child, as he has mine, would he have suffered that Kentuckian's letter to have room in any part of his paper until Mr. Clay had released them, or, at least, made some effort to do so? What do you think he would say, Sir? Do you think he would say, "what the law makes property is property." Would that be his answer? That is Mr. Clay's. Then go to his plantation; ask the widow, Mrs. Todd, whose husband Mr. Clay, in 1844, tied up and left in the hands of his cruel overseer to flog. The poor man would not live to let him do so again, but put an end to his days by hanging himself. Mr. Clay has not only made a widow of Mrs. Todd, but he claims her little children as his own, and is now raising them for the market. She is willing to say in respect to her husband, that the weary are at rest where the wicked cease from troubling, for he no longer hears the voice of his oppressor, while she is left to see torn from her her children, one by one, and that too in an unexpected hour, as he tore from me my wife and child. Yes, it was at an unexpected moment to me, when that deed was done. I was at my unrequited toil when my poor wife came to me informing me of her having been sold. Yes! sold by that friend of the coloured race, Henry Clay! Sold and gone! and from them I have never since heard a word. May God save us all from such a friend; and may the editor of the Tribune never get into his clutches as a slave.

"Some may think I am imprudent in my disclosures; but after seeing such a letter in the Tribune I cannot hold my peace; a paper I had so loved to read, and from an editor I so much loved for his friendship to the slave."

A Meeting to Memorialize Congress on the Existing War.

We find in the Christian Register the following report of a meeting referred to by our correspondent J. W. in his letter in last week's Standard:

A meeting was held in the chapel of the Church of the Saviour, on Thursday, the 28th October, to consider the expediency of memorializing Congress on the subject of the existing war. This meeting was called by a Committee appointed at a previous meeting which was held in consequence of a proposition made, but not acted on, at the Convention in Salem.

Rev. R. C. Waterston was called to the chair, and Rev. C. Palfrey chosen Secretary.

Some doubt being expressed whether the meeting was designed to be exclusively clerical, it was voted that Unitarian laymen then present during the meeting, be invited to partake in its deliberations and doings.

On motion of Rev. C. Palfrey, Resolved, That it is expedient that Unitarians memorialize Congress against the continuance of the present war.

The following Committee were appointed to prepare such a memorial: Rev. C. Stetson, W. H. Channing, W. Ware, C. Palfrey, J. F. Clarke, S. May, C. Francis, D.D. T. T. Stone, E. S. Gannett, D.D.

To this Committee were subsequently added the following gentlemen: Messrs. J. P. Blanchard, L. G. Pray, G. G. Channing, J. G. Palfrey, C. Sumner, C. F. Adams, S. Fairbanks.

This Committee having been empowered to fill vacancies, and Hon. J. G. Palfrey having declined serving, J. A. Andrew has been chosen to supply his place.

The following resolutions, proposed by Rev. W. H. Channing, were passed by a major vote.

Resolved, That as Christian ministers, we are bound to, and do hereby, utter our deliberate condemnation of the war now existing between the United States and Mexico, and our solemn protest against its continuance.

Resolved, That in our opinion it is the duty of Christians, without distinction of sect, to address memorials to Congress, at the opening of their next session, urging the Representatives, Senators, and Executive of the United States, at once to take the necessary steps for securing an immediate and permanent peace with Mexico, by withdrawing all troops of this nation from her territory, restoring to her possession the provinces which we now occupy, offering the amplest atonement in our power for the wrongs we have inflicted, and appointing commissioners empowered to adjust questions in dispute between these sister Republics.

THE STATE ELECTION.—As we stated, last week, the result of the election is a complete defeat of the Democrats. Hamilton Fish, *Lieutenant Governor*, is chosen by some thirty thousand, to preside over a Senate composed of at least 26 Whigs to 6 Locofocos.

The Tribune makes the new House 92 Whig, 32 Loco, and 6 doubtful—that is, one each in Cattaraugus, Niagara, Oswego, and St. Lawrence.

The State Administration for the year ensuing will consist of

John Young, of Livingston Co. *Governor;*
Hamilton Fish, of New York, *Lieutenant Governor;*
Christopher Morgan, of Cayuga, *Secretary of State;*
Millard Fillmore, of Erie, *Controller;*
Alvah Hunt, of Chenango, *Treasurer;*
Ambrose L. Jordan, of New York, *Attorney General;*
Charles B. Stuart, of Monroe, *State Engineer;*
Jacob Hinds, Orleans,
Nelson J. Beach, Lewis, } *Canal Commissioners.*
Charles Cook, Chemung,

[The above, excepting the Governor, constitute the Canal Board. Including the Speaker of the House and excluding the Canal Commissioners, they constitute also the Commissioners of the Land Office.]

David D. Spencer, Ithaca,
Isaac N. Comstock, Albany, } *Inspectors State Prisons.*
John B Gedney, Westchester,

DOUGLASS'S PAPER.—The Liberator requests us to notice that Frederick Douglass has concluded to change the location of his paper from Cleveland to Rochester, in this State. The move, we think, is a good one. The paper will be better known, have a wider circulation, and of course, more extensive influence if published at so central a point as Rochester.

We commend to the consideration of Douglass another change—that of name. There is one "North Star" published at Ludlow, Vermont, and a "Northern Star" devoted to the interests of the coloured people, at Albany. He can surely find an original name as appropriate as the one he has chosen.

THE STEAMER BAY STATE.—A Correspondent at New Bedford, complains of the treatment of coloured persons on board the Fall River and New-York steamboat BAY STATE. He says that a woman with a nursing infant was obliged, not long since, to sit all night on deck.—Joseph Holley, a respectable young man was also treated as freight on board this boat, though he paid full passage as a human being. We have heard the same complaint from another quarter. The Rev. Mr. Gardner, a highly respectable clergyman of Philadelphia, was subjected to the same outrageous and contemptible treatment, and could get no redress, though he complained personally to the Captain. He has arrived at that age, and is in such a state of health, that an exposure all night might have been fatal to him. But he was indebted to one of the waiters for a shelter and a bed, which his money—though he paid full price—could not purchase for him, and which no appeal to the humanity of the officers of the boat could procure. These, we presume, are only examples of the manner in which coloured people are uniformly treated on board the Bay State.

AN ANTI-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT MEETING will be held at Convention, 179 Worcester Street, on Monday evening next. The meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Mr. Skinner, Horace Greeley, and others.

☞ The French Steamer Philadelphia, from Havre, arrived here last week, but brought no news that is not embodied in that of the Caledonia. The Philadelphia had a long passage from some accident to her engine.

BRITISH AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—We call the attention of the friends of this institution to the communications in another column, from the Executive Committee and Rev. Mr. Wilson.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn that a son of Dr. Hudson was run over, a few days since, by the cars, at Springfield, and one of his legs so badly injured, that it was necessary to resort to amputation.

THE RIGHTS OF MARRIED WOMEN IN VERMONT.—The Senate of Vermont has passed a bill by a vote of 18 to 8, which provides that the rents and profits of the real estate of the wife shall be held by her free from the control of her husband, and shall be exempt from attachment for his debts. It also empowers her to devise her real estate, or any descendable interest therein.

A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—We learn from undoubted authority, that a leading religious journal in this city has lost *five hundred subscribers* for its opposition to the Mexican War. Such a fact needs no comment. It is in itself the most striking commentary that could be made upon the character of that class in this country who are considered as pre-eminently entitled to the name of Christians. Probably every one of these five hundred is a church member.

Notes on New Books.

The Christian Examiner for November. Wm. Crosby Boston.—Madame Guyon; Causes of the Decline of Interest in Critical Theology; Evelyn's Life of Mrs. Godolphin; Abolition of Capital Punishment; Edwards and the Revivalists; Germany, Religious and Political; Torry's Translation of Neander; and Bushnell on Christian Nurture, are the contents of the present number.

The article upon Edwards and the Revivalists, by Wm. H. Channing, and that upon Germany, by John Weiss, we have read with great interest. Some of the others, from the initials appended to them, we have no doubt are characterized by the ability and liberality which belong to the usual contributors to the Examiner.

American Phrenological Journal for November.—Mr. Fowler deals in other matters in his Journal, as well as Phrenology. He gives in this number some striking facts in relation to the corruption in our National and State Governments. We copy two of them:

A conscientious captain, who recently returned from Gen. Taylor's camp, said his conscience compelled him to resign his commission, because he was obliged to witness so wicked a disbursement of the public moneys, which he could not correct. His office entitled him to be paymaster, or else auditor of a portion of the bills of the Southern army; yet, he said that the Government had promoted over his head those whom he knew to be MISSISSIPPI RIVER GAMBLERS, and invested them with power both to make contracts for the army, and to AUDIT THEIR OWN BILLS—which is the same as allowing them to put their hands as deep and as often into the public treasury as they choose, and without any one to bring them to account! This, fellow-citizens, is the Government under which we live! The money we earn by the sweat of our brows, is squandered on GAMBLERS, in payment for electioneering tirades! Shame on us, one and all, that we do not know such things; or, knowing, out upon us that we do not correct them. This is but a tithe, a sample of what the captain said, but it is enough. He said he could not stand by and witness such enormities, and should therefore resign. * * *

The Pennsylvania debt, so oppressive to the producers of that rich and powerful State, was incurred by just such wanton and wicked waste as those already pointed out, I do not assert this by guess, for I have it directly FROM THE LIPS of those who thus spent the funds. They unblushingly confessed, or rather BOASTED to me, personally, of their exploits. Readers know that I have travelled all over the country, and am NO PARTY man, and hence have access to these facts and personal narratives, one of which is as follows.

One of the Canal Commissioners, whom we will christen Mr. C. did a great deal toward giving an ex-Governor to Pennsylvania, whom we will call Governor ——, his overwhelming majority. Mr. C. told me HOW he did it. He made it a custom to let out all contracts, so as to throw great profits into the contractors' hands. Yet, along with them went the full understanding that said contractors should cast their votes, and procure all the votes they could raise, either from their labourers, or by all the influences they could bring to bear, as this commissioner should direct. He had been commissioner several years, and by these fat contracts had brought a heavy vote in favour of Governor ——, with the express understanding that the Governor should continue him in that office, because C. wished thereby to place HIMSELF in the gubernatorial chair. But Governor —— gave out all the commissioners' berths before he came to C. On hearing of this, C. went, in great wrath, to another leading politician of that State, threatening, "I have made Governor ——, and I can and will unmake him." This politician, whom we will call Mr. P. knew C.'s power, and that he could and would overthrow their party, unless he had a commissioner's berth, and accordingly took post horses and rode, with all speed, one hundred and fifty miles, without stopping, except to change horses, to lay C.'s claims and threats before the Governor. He arrived in the evening, took the Governor into a private room, and held him by the button till daylight, determined to reinstate C. in the commissioner's berth; for C. Shylock-like, would accept nothing short, nothing else. "But," said the Governor, "these offices are all given out,* so that I CANNOT serve C. If I recall that of either of the others, a like storm of wrath and party threats will be raised in another quarter," &c. P. plead the ruin of the party as the sure consequence of refusal, and insisted; and being a virtual though secret controller of the State politics, they together cooked up a new Circuit Court, and induced one of the commissioners to accept a Judgeship—for which he was not at all qualified—in lieu of his commissioner's berth, which was accordingly given to C. so that C.'s wrath was thus converted into praise. Now C. told me that he wanted that commissioner's berth BECAUSE it gave him the disbursement of large sums of money, which enabled him to PURCHASE VOTES by means of fat contracts, in order that he might thereby, at some future time, secure his own election as Governor! for these contractors were pledged to vote his ticket, not only for the time being, but ALWAYS afterward, when C. might require. Those who doubt this story, and of course, question my veracity, are asked, "How came Pennsylvania's enormous debt? Whence that extra Judgeship created by an ex-Governor? How came her public works to be so wretchedly mismanaged and unproductive? Especially, whence that extra Judgeship, which made some noise in the public prints? Is not this story in perfect harmony with facts previously cited, and with the entire tenor of the governmental administration of all our States, and of our nation? It is hard of belief, yet disbelief is harder. But for such political gambling, what became of her funds?

* This narrative I had from P.'s own lips.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Ten Days Later from Europe.—Arrival of the Caledonia.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston on Friday last.—She brings intelligence of a further decline in breadstuffs, a fall in cotton, and of increasing commercial distress. Since the departure of the last steamer, fifty-five houses have suspended payment or failed. The following are some of the principal failures:

Firms.	Places of Business.	Amount.
Thomas, Son & Lefevre	London	$2,000,000
Barnes, Fred & Co	"	250,000
Barclay, Brothers & Co	"	2,250,000
J. & W. Morley	"	400,000
William Nash	"	350,000
L. Phillips & Sons	"	350,000
Rickards, Little & Co	"	225,000
Matthew Steele & Son	Liverpool	225,000
W. & T. Tomlinson	"	300,000
J. H. Armstrong	Manchester	500,000
J. F. Glover	"	90,000
Edward Potter	"	75,000
Render & Miller	"	200,000
Bradley & Parker [Stock Brokers]	"	60,000
De Jersey & Co	"	1,725,000
Pehmoller & Tollens	Hamburg	100,000
Messrs. Southam	Asnton-under-Lyne	80,000
Wittenstein & Co	Burman, near Elberfield	500,000
Muller & Co	Hamburg	150,000
Messrs. White & Co	Waterford	250,000
		$10,080,000

To such a point has the distress in the money market reached, that scarcely any mercantile house is looked to with confidence. Two days before the departure of the Caledonia it was announced that the Royal Bank of Liverpool had suspended payment. Its actual condition was not known.

In the manufacturing districts business is quite at a stand-still. The manufacturers abstain from executing orders already in hand.

The Mayor of Liverpool, attended by one of the representatives and five of the leading merchants of the place, had proceeded to London for the purpose of representing to the Government the deplorable condition of mercantile affairs.

Sir Robert Peel has been in Liverpool with express relation to the monetary condition of the town, and of the best means by which trade could be relieved.

The following are the quotations of the Liverpool grain market on the 19th of October:

Best Western Canal Flour 25s a 27s, Richmond and Alexandria 25s a 26s, Philadelphia and Baltimore 25s a 26s, New Orleans and Ohio 22s a 24s, United States and Canadian 20s a 21s. Wheat—United States white and mixed, per 70 lbs. 7s a 8s, red 6s a 7s 7d. Oats, per 45 lbs. 2s 3d a 2s 8d. Oat Meal per 240 lbs. 23s a 24s.—Indian Corn per 480 lbs. 30s a 33s. Indian Meal per bbl. 14s a 15s. Barley per 60 lbs. 3s a 4s, per 504 lbs. 30s a 40s.

The following items are the only ones of general interest:

Parliament has been prorogued until the 11th November—when it will be farther adjourned until January, for the dispatch of business.

In Italy, Ferrara is about to become completely evacuated by the Austrian troops, and the Pope will be preserved undisturbed in his career of civil and administrative reform.

The civil war in Switzerland is still impending.

Serious disturbances have taken place in the Two Sicilies.

In Spain, Espartero has been suddenly displaced from the head of the new Ministry, and Narvaez installed in his place. French influence has been again successful in that country.

The prospects for Ireland during the approaching winter are gloomy enough. Famine in an aggravated form has already appeared, and the Queen has issued a letter commanding general collections to be made in the Church Establishment.

Thanksgiving Day in England.—This day was kept on the 17th ult. and the Queen ordered a collection of money to be made for the poor of Ireland.

The power of the landed aristocracy must be still more effectually curbed. The laws of primogeniture and entail must be subjected to impartial dealing.

The case of the Duke of Buckingham, the great leader of the class which insisted that, through the instrumentality of the Corn-law, the people should pay off its mortgages, has come before the public at a happy moment. This Duke has vast estates in several counties; he has scores of thousand of acres of land of fine quality, with valuable timber upon it; he has mansions which almost put the royal palaces into the shade; he has titles heaped one upon another as spoiled children are loaded with toys; he is a "Peer of the Realm," a legislator born, and asserts the right to sit in Parliament even though he were as void of intellect as of honesty; he begets legislators, too, and his oldest boy will take his seat as a "Peer of the Realm," by right, not of the choice of a constituency of Englishmen, but of his "noble blood; and beyond all this, this great Duke has at least one county and more than one borough at his feet, powerless to speak in the People's House of Parliament except through his subservient nominees! And this overgrown Duke is said to owe more than £1,500 000! He has left the country. In fact HE HAS ABSCONDED; he has left his creditors in the lurch. He is not a bankrupt, and his creditors cannot make him one. His estates are here, and his mansions, and his plate, and his pictures; and his titles and power of legislation are untouched, and yet he cannot be made to pay his debts. His vast estates are only half cultivated; his tenants have neither capital nor independence, for they have no leases; they are devoured by game, and they but half perform their work in the social system. But there is no remedy for this. A Duke is sacred, even his hatres are sacred. *Everything that he has is sacred except his obligations and his honor.* The laws of primogeniture and entail are at the foundation of this, and the upholders of the worn-out system may rue the day when the Duke of Buckingham absconded from his creditors.—*Manchester Examiner.*

☞ *Later.*—The Steamer Washington arrived at this port on Tuesday evening, from Southampton, with five days later intelligence. There is a still further decline in corn and cotton, and the distress in the mercantile world is much aggravated. The following paragraph from Wilmer & Smith's Times, gives the aspect of affairs at the sailing of the Washington.

Since the publication of our paper by the Caledonia, a complete paralysis has seized almost every branch of trade. The earnest application of the Liverpool Commercial body for relief from the Government has been met with the most earnest expression of sympathy, but, to this moment, the chief members of the Administration seem either inexorable to all complaint, or totally unequal to the task of providing a remedy.

General Items.

Negro Thieves.—A day or two ago we called attention to that great and growing evil, the insecurity of slave property in this neighbourhood. Every week gives evidences of it. In one of the morning papers we notice an advertisement of a gentleman who has lost *five* negroes—comprising a family—which have no doubt been enticed away by Abolitionists.

It is a wretched state of things which thus permits the master to be robbed and the slaves to be wronged, for nine times in ten the black who has been tolled off, finds his condition vastly less tolerable in his new home than in his old. Will our fellow-citizens not join in providing new security for this property or in making such as we have more effective than it is now.—*St. Louis New Era.*

☞ The testimony of Orson S. Murray has been rejected because of his religious belief in a perjury case in Cincinnati.

Wiskonsan.—We learn from the *Madison Express* of October 26, that a bill in relation to the forming of a State Government had passed the Council and was then before the House. It provides that an election for Delegates be held on the 30th of November; that the number of the Convention be 62; that it meet on the third Wednesday of December; that a census of the territory be immediately taken; and that the Government be authorized to order the election of a new Convention in case the Constitution shall be rejected by the people.—[Tribune.

Infamous Law.—We learn that the Corporation of Washington, our National Capital, have passed a new edict, requiring all free coloured persons in the city to give good white security each in a thousand dollars for their good behavior for one year; and to pay $2 each for a certificate that they have given such security.

The Shout of Slavery.—We hail *this* victory as the most important which could be won. We have carried Pennsylvania against the Tariff of the manufacturers. We have carried it against the authors of the Wilmot Proviso.—*Washington Union.*

Meeting of Friends.—At the yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, held at Baltimore last week, they protested against wars in general, and the war with Mexico in particular—against the institution of Slavery and its farther extension, and against Odd Fellowship, Free Masonry, and secret institutions generally, as well as a paid or hired ministry.

The Kidnapping Case.—Thomas N. Davis, charged with carrying off two free negro boys, and offering them, for sale at Memphis, Tennessee, having returned to this city with the negroes, was arrested a few days ago, and examined on the charge before Justice Smith. The District Attorney attended the investigation on the part of the United States, which resulted in the commitment of Davis last Friday evening, for want of bail. We understand that the accused, having found the required security on Saturday, was then released from prison.—*National Intelligencer.*

A Compliment to the Abolitionists.—Mr. John George, one of the Locofocos who was imported from New Hampshire to teach Lowell people how to vote, said that his party had hung up the abolitionists by the heels, "and you know," said he, with an inane leer, that "*their long heels made that very convenient?*"—*Lowell Journal.*

The Massachusetts Regiment.—We understand that late copies of the Matamoras Flag, received in this city, contain statements in regard to the conduct of the Massachusetts Regiment at Matamoros, which implicate not only the privates but the officers of the Volunteers in charges of a most disreputable and disgraceful character. General Cushing, Col. Wright, and Major Abbott, as we learn, are all involved in imputations of gross misconduct. The particular charges against these officers are said to be, in substance, that Gen. Cushing caused a man to be inhumanly whipped at the cart-wheel, upon an accusation for selling liquor, of which he was afterward proved to be innocent; that Col. Wright had caused a man to be shot at Monterey, for fast riding through the streets, he himself being drunk at the time the order was issued, and that Major Abott also was habituated to drunkenness.—*Boston Traveller.*

It has been decided by Judge Frost, in the Court of Sessions at Charleston, that a person of full Indian descent, unmixed with negro blood, is a free person of colour, and, therefore, an incompetent witness, according to the laws of the State.

The National Reform Convention at Boston nominated Samuel E. Sewall for Governor, and Amasa Walker for Lieut. Governor.

John Williamson *alias* John W. North was tried Tuesday last, before Judge Nicholas, on the charge of kidnaping Wm. H. Roy's negro, and found guilty. He is to be tried on another indictment of the same nature. He was let out of the Penitentiary on the 29th of May last. The consequent prolongation of the term for which he is now to be confined there, will very likely be tantamount to sentence for life.—*Richmond Compiler.*

The Suspended Bishop.—As we understand it, (says the Journal of Commerce,) there is not now the slightest chance for the restoration of Bishop Onderdonk. He will probably receive an answer from the Board of Bishops to the letter he addressed them, complaining of injustice, which will exhibit their opinion on this point. We are happy to learn that the discipline which has been exercised towards the late Bishop Onderdonk, of Pennsylvania, has had the effect of working a thorough reformation in him as to the practices which caused him to be deposed.

Discontinuance of the Sunday Mail Service.—We learn from the Mail Agents that hereafter there will be no way-mail on any of the railroads of the State on Sunday. The through mails, however, between the principal places will be carried as heretofore.—*Rochester Advertiser.*

Horrors of War.—The Mobile Advertiser says.—

"Some scenes that we occasionally witness here, would shock the morals of any robber in the States. A few days ago, just at nightfall, a Mexican came running into the hospital, crying most piteously, and making all sorts of gesticulations. We followed him to his house, when a sight shocking to behold burst upon us. On the floor was lying a Mexican, pierced in the breast by a ball, and the blood gushing forth from the wound. Hold his head was his wife and little children. He had been shot by a discharged volunteer, because he refused for gold to barter away the virtue of his daughter, a beautiful girl, who stood by, her hair dishevelled, and great drops of grief coursing down her olive cheeks.

Pseudo Democracy.—At a *Democratic* (!) Convention held in Mercer county, Ohio, on the 21st of August, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That we approve of the decided stand taken by the Democracy of Ohio against negro privileges within our borders, and that we will cast our vote for no man who is an Abolitionist in principle, or in favour of repealing the black laws of this State."

Governor Dana, of Maine, in his thanksgiving Proclamation, thus dictates his will to the clergymen of the State:

"Let not the voice of muttering disturb the [illegible] of praise. Let party bitterness and sectarian zeal be silent. Let not the day be desecrated, or the House of God profaned by *political harangues, assaults upon the institutions of our sister States,* or denunciation of the terms of the Union."

Hon. John Quincy Adams, visited the Park Theatre a few evenings since, and was greeted in a most enthusiastic manner by a crowded house.

A shocking accident occurred on the Boston and Worcester Rail road on Saturday last, whereby six persons were killed outright, and as many more dangerously bruised and mangled.

The Boston Daily Advertiser says that Professor Agassiz has received the appointment of Professor of Zoology and Geology in the Lawrence Scientific School in Cambridge University, and will enter upon the discharge of his duties at the commencement of the Spring term in March next.

Execution of Kelly.—This wretched man suffered the extreme penalty of the law, within the walls of the prison in this village on the 28th ult. He met his death with the utmost fortitude, actually carrying with him, rather than being led by the Deputies, on his way from his cell to the gallows. During the night preceding his execution, he uniformly expressed himself innocent of the crime of which he was convicted, and at the moment of affixing the fatal cord about his neck, he firmly declared to the priest attending him and the spectators that he had made no confession to any one. Yet strange to say, W. A. Sternberg, Esq. his counsel, has since his execution published what purports to be a full confession by him of the crime, but which Kelly at the moment of his execution, solemnly declared, if any such thing should appear, was a forgery, and got up for the purpose of making money, and which we are bound therefore to believe is untrue.—*Catskill Dem.*

Married.

In Billerica, October 30th, J. S. RYAN, Esq. to Miss ELIZA, second daughter of Capt. Henry Bruce, U. S. N.

In Plymouth, (Mass.) 4th instant, by Rev. George W. Briggs, Mr. PUTNAM KIMBALL, Jr. to Miss ELIZABETH T. TORREY, daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Torrey all of P.

Died.

In this city, at the residence of his father, Mr. CRAWFORD LIVINGSTON, of the firm of Livingston and Wells.

On the 2d inst. at Norwich. (Ct.) after a severe illness, Hon. JABEZ W. HUNTINGTON.

On the 18th instant, at East Pascagoula, Mississipsi, THEODORE BLAND SKINNER, second son of J. S. Skinner, now of this city.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Punch's Flight with Louis Philippe; To a Child Embracing its Mother. *Miscellany:* The Celestial Railroad; The First Introduction of Anthracite.

FIRST PAGE.—*Proslavery:* The Wilmot Proviso—What should the South do? Abolition Persecution; Bible for the Slaves: Another Decision. *Selections:* Death by Cruelty; Synod of Kentucky; Speech of John Van Buren; Frederick Douglass; A Response, &c.; Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Society; The Lamentation.

SECOND PAGE.—The Mount Holly Slave Case; Trial of Dr. Mitchell. *Communications:* Rhode Island Anti-Slavery Meeting; British American Institute; Letter from Hiram Wilson.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For Standard,—from October 30, to November 6th, 1847.

436	John P. Plank, Herkimer, N Y	1 00
434	Oliver Prescott, New Bedford, Mass	2 00
432	Luther Bartlett, Brookfield, Vt	1 00
431	Charles F. Fox, Holland Patent, N Y	1 00
434	E. Cushing, Hingham, Mass	1 00
434	A. Whitton, "	1 00
433	E. Hersey, "	1 00
420	H.B. Ripley, "	1 00
439	L. G. Thomas, W. Winfield, N Y	1 00
374	E. Hewett, Hanson, Mass	14
382	George Lapham, Marengo, N Y	25
439	Abner Sanger, Danvers, Mass	1 00
446	E. S. Hunt, Lowell, Mass	1 00
418	Ann Pomeroy, Cambridge, Mass	1 00
438	W. T. Codding, Bristol Centre, N Y	1 00
436	W. K. Foster, Canandaigua, N Y	1 00
452	Isaac R. Thorn, Marengo, N Y	1 00
422	Joseph C. Watson, "	1 00
438	Jeremiah Spaulding, Navarino, N Y	1 00
443	H. C. Hibbard, Fulton, N Y	1 00
440	M. Kingsbury, "	1 00
426	Sally Roberts, Cazenovia, N Y	1 00
431	A. J. Barrier, Brockport, N Y	1 00
431	Martha Pascal, Buffalo, N Y	1 00
425	Francis Wheeler, Ohio City, O	1 00
432	Joseph A. French, Concord, N H	1 00
439	O. Ingraham, Brocket's Bridge, N Y	1 00
439	N. S. Pratt, Salsbury, N Y	1 00
439	Chancey Tuttle, "	1 00
439	Benjamin Ford, Fairfield, N Y	1 00
439	David Cole, "	1 00
438	Calliopean Society, "	1 00
438	J. D. Spofford, Brocket's Bridge, N Y	1 00
439	Joel Hardy, "	1 00
438	Zenas Brocket. "	1 00
439	F. G. Parker, East Abington, Mass	1 00
413	Caroline E. Doty, Clinton Hollow, N Y	50
431	James Tripp, Galloway Corners, N Y	50
439	Thomas B. Wares, Marengo, N Y	1 00
439	John C. Baird, Clyde, N Y	1 00
439	David Van Alstyne, Otisco, N Y	1 00
439	Jonathan Spaulding, Borodino, N Y	1 00
439	B. F. Bullock, Marcellus, N Y	1 00
439	Carter & Rosier, "	1 00
439	Aiken & Phillips, "	1 00
439	Jonathan Cook, "	1 00
439	Samuel F. Green, Syracuse, N Y	1 00
439	J.W. Loguen, "	1 00
439	Charles Heald, Antwerp, N Y	1 00
439	B. A. A. Jones, Fulton, N Y	1 00
439	J. M. Salter, "	1 00
439	C. S. Waters, "	1 00
439	W. Carucross, Plainville, N Y	1 00
539	R. M. Burr, Lysander, N Y	1 00
439	J. M Pasco, Cato Four Corners, N Y	1 00
439	Josh Petno, "	1 00
439	H. Root, Cato, N Y	1 00
439	A. C. Bartlett, "	1 00
417	J. S. Hall, Chickasaw, O	1 00
439	Mrs. Aaron Austin, Austinburgh, O	1 00
439	Phebe Mead, Freeport, O	1 00
439	Benjamin Hillerman, Salem, O	1 00
388	W. Hogue, Perrine, Pa	25
411	Elizabeth Newport, Colerain, O	1 00
391	James M. Brown, Bloomfield, O	1 00
256	William Galbreath, New Garden, O	1 00
433	William Stedman, Randolph, O	1 00
425	Rebecca Shreve, Richmond, Ia	1 00
440	William Marsh, South Barre, N Y	1 00
	George Foster, Providence, R I	1 00
		67 64

DONATIONS.

Elias Doty, Macedon, N Y	3 00
Pliny Sexton, Palmyra, N Y	10 00
	13 00
Total,	$80 64

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW-YORK.

Lewis Hayden, the fugitive slave from Kentucky, and E. D. Hudson, from Massachusetts, agents of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will hold meetings at the following towns and villages, in Saratoga, Fulton, Herkimer and Oneida counties, as follow:

ONEIDA COUNTY.

Oriskany, Thursday, Nov. 11, at 6, P.M.
York Mills, Friday and Saturday, 12 & 13 at 2 & 6 P. M.
Clinton, Sunday and Monday, 14 & 15, "
Vernon, Tuesday, 16, "
Onedia Castle, Wednesday, 17, "
Onedia Depot, Thursday, 17, "

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY.
General Agent of American Society for New-York.

☞ THE BAZAAR! ☜

To the friends of the Cause, who wish to help in the decoration of Faneuil Hall for the Bazaar.

Great quantities of the "running pine," (as it is called in some places) will be needed. Many dozens or barrels full of it will not be too much. It need not be made up into wreaths, as we are promised much help on the floor of the Hall, in preparing and decorating. *Only give us the raw material in abundance,* that we may not be oblige to expend the hard-eared funds of the occasion in paying bills after it is over.

The savin, or red cedar, is to be the basis of the evergreen material. Friends having it in their power to supply one or several loads of the "savin brush" are entreated to communicate *immediately* with the Committee, as also those who can furnish the running pine.

Ladies intending to come to town to superintend the sale of their own goods, and who have no friends residing in town, are requested to communicate their intention to the Committee, that we may do all in our power to. wards their hospitable reception.

M. W. CHAPMAN,
For the Committee.

BOSTON FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the B. F. A. S. Society, which was held at No. 21 Cornhill, the afternoon of Oct. 13th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That the friends of the cause throughout the country are hereby requested to ask of all such ministers as have signed Anti-Slavery protests, preached Anti-Slavery sermons, or in any way indicated an interest in our cause, the presentation of the Address of the Committee of the 14th A. S. Bazaar to their respective congregations for the purpose of obtaining in each church a special effort during the coming two months, in aid of the Bazaar.

Resolved, That the Rev. Theodore Parker, the Rev. William H. Channing, the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, the Rev. Mr. Dennis, the Rev. E. H. Chapin, the Rev. Edward Beecher (and any and all such other clergymen of Boston, to whom we may consistently tender such a mark of our high respect) be hereby earnestly requested, for the sake of the cause of freedom and humanity, to present the address of the Committee to their respective Congregations, and to advocate, and aid in organizing, their co-operation with the Bazaar. The following are the list of officers:

President—Thankful Southwick.
Vice President—Helen E. Garrison.
Domestic Corresponding Secretary—Henrietta Sargent.
Foreign Corresponding Secretary—Maria W. Chapman.
Recording Secretary—Abby Southwick.
Treasurer—Harriet M. Jackson.
Counsellors—Eliza F. Meriam, Mary G. Chapman, Hannah Tufts, Mary J. Trask, Mary Willey, Anna W. Weston.

ANNUAL FAIR

Of the Philadelphia Female A. S. Society.

Our usual announcement of the time of holding this Fair, seems scarcely necessary, now that the friends of Freedom in Pennsylvania are so familiar with it, and so well-informed respecting the necessary preparations for it. We do but remind them that the advancing season warns us all to lose no time which may be devoted to this highly important department of our labour. The brilliant success of our last Fair should stimulate us to new efforts in preparing for the next, and, for the slave's sake, we should not permit this to be inferior to those which have preceded it. The state of our enterprise at this eventful period demands that we relax not our efforts, and among the measures which we have adopted for filling the Anti-Slavery treasury, few, if any, have proved more efficient than this. We trust that no word is necessary to rouse our true fellow-labourers to zealous and *immediate* action. To those who have not heretofore shared these labours with us, whose hearts are now beginning to beat in sympathy with the oppressed, we affectionately say, Come, go with us, and we will do you good!

Sarah Pugh,
Mary T. Stickney,
Anna M. Hopper,
Emma Parker,
A. Matilda Cassey,
Janette Jackson,
Maria M. Davis,
Margaret Griscom,
Martha Carman,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Emily Winslow,
Theresa K. Hallowell,
Paulina S. Wright,
Sarah A. McKim,
Margaretta Forten,
Gertrude K. Burleigh,
Mary Grew,
Mary Shaw,
Sarah M. Douglass,
Lydia Gillingham,
Esther Burr,
Eliza J. Bias,
Clementine Green,
Esther Reckless,
Esther Hogeland,
Elizabeth Carman,
Huldah Justice,
Margaret Jones,
Sarah L. Child.

MASS CONVENTIONS,

To be attended by

FREDERICK DOUGLASS, C. L. REMOND, AND J. C. HATHAWAY.

ONTARIO COUNTY.
Victor, Wednesday and Thursday, 10 and 11.
YATES COUNTY.
Penn Yan, Tuesday evening, November 16 and Wednesday, 17.
SENECA COUNTY.
Ovid, Friday and Saturday, 19, 20.
CAYUGA COUNTY.
Ledyard, Sunday evening 21, & Monday, 22.
TOMPKINS COUNTY.
Ludlowville, Tuesday evening, 23.
Reynoldsville, Thursday & Friday 25, & 26, at 10 A. M.
STEUBEN COUNTY.
Bath, Sunday & Monday 28, & 29.
Hornellsville, Wednesday December 1.
ALLEGANY COUNTY.
Friendship, Friday 3.
CATTARAUGUS COUNTY.
Franklinville Sunday & Monday, 5 & 6.
CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY.
Ellington, Wednesday, 8.
Busti, Friday Saturday & Sunday 18, 11, &. 12.

It is Confidently expected that the friends of the slave in each of the above mentioned places will spare no pains in making early arrangements for the meetings by procuring large houses, a good supply of fuel and above all, provisions for having the houses well lighted for the evening meetings.

Let every person within reasonable distance be notified of the meetings and if they fail to attend it will be their irreparable loss.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent for the State of New-York
FARMINGTON, 10th mo. 1847.

THE FOURTEENTH

National Anti-Slavery Bazaar,

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON.

During Christmas and New Year's week, 1847 8.

The undersigned, the Committee of the Fourteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, appeal to all that is good and true in this nation for which they labour, to aid their undertaking.

Our object is the abolition of Slavery through the renovation of public opinion; and we ask help of all who feel the impulse of compassion for a suffering people; or the instinct of self-preservation in view of the encroachments of tyranny and the dangers of sin; or the divine and awful sense of justice, moving them to uphold the right; or the high sense of honour and religious obligation, impelling them to choose their lot in this life with the slaves, and not with their oppressors; or shame beneath the scorn of Christendom justly due to a nation of slaveholders; or disgust at the discrepancy between American principle and American practice; or responsibility for keeping pure the sources of public morals; or desire to lay deep in national conscience, the foundations of future generations.

After a deep and careful examination of ways and means for the peaceable abolition of Slavery, it has been found hopeless, except through the consent of the majority of the whole people. This obtained the work is done; for the willing can readily find a way. Sound judgment in the choice of means, and the best economy in their expenditure, alike forbid us therefore to enter into the partisan or sectarian schemes, by which the purposes of any one of the various political and theological persuasions will be subserved at the expense of the cause of freedom, while all others are alienated from it in the same proportion. When the preliminary question is put which every one ought to ask,—"How do you mean to expend the money, which you require our help to raise?" our answer is, "it shall be spent wholly, only and directly, in awakening, informing, and influencing the public mind on this primarily important question. It shall not be put into the hands of the political organizations, to promote the election of any candidate, but in awakening the love of Freedom and the hatred of Slavery in all; not in aiding a few fugitives to escape, but to save them that painful and hazardous experiment by abolishing the system which enslaves them; not in sending them to Africa, but in enabling them to become the free and happy elements of national strength and prosperity at home; not in making the proposition so degrading to the morals, of our nation—that its Government should become the tributary of crime."

This money will, in short, be spent neither in compensation, colonization, nor political partisanship, while a clear-sighted economy will also forbid its being used in the equally benevolent though less effectual, channel, of a vigilance committee. It will be spent in propagandism: for we strike openly, boldly, strongly, and successfully too, as our fourteen years of labor prove, at the *root,* of the system we mean to abolish.

Finally, we appeal to our friends and countrymen to take part in this holy cause, as to frail and suffering and short-lived fellow-creatures. It shall strengthen them in weakness, comfort in affliction, and steel against calamity. It shall save them from the sin of lying on the side of the oppressor, and the ignominy of dying in the silent support of wrong. It shall secure their children from such an inheritance of grief and shame, as the remembrance that their parents were drawn by disgraceful sympathy into the ranks of the enslavers, when the moral battle was fought out in the United States for the freedom of a race. Its consolations are proportionate to its renunciations; and in its prosecution, as in the great cause of Christianity, of which its principles form a fundamental part, we are able to assure such as embrace it, that no man shall lose friends, or houses, or lands for its sake, but he shall receive an hundred fold of nobler recompense in this world, and a sense of spiritual life besides, to which the different frivolities of a selfish existence sink into insignificance.

By the united efforts of all who ought to co-operate on this occasion, it is proposed to place

$10,000.

at the ultimate disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

M. W. Chapman,
Ann. T. G. Phillips,
Helen E. Garrison,
Mary May,
Eliza Lee Follen,
Sarah S. Russell,
Louisa Loring,
Mary Young,
Mary Willey,
Anne Warren Weston,
Maria Lowell,
Frances Mary Robbins,
Lydia Parker,
Harriet B. Hall,
Catharine Sargent,
Sarah B. Shaw,
Mary G. Chapman,
Caroline Weston,
Susan C. Cabot,
Anna R. Philbrick,
Henrietta Sargent,
Hannah Tufts,
Eliza F. Meriam,
Caroline F. Williams,
Evelina S. A. Smith,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Ann R. Bramhall,
Harriet T. White,
Abby Francis,
Abby Southwick,
Harriet M. Jackson.

Advertisements.

NEW MUSIC.—"There's a Good Time Coming." The above popular Song, also, "He Doeth All Things Well," Mother's Bible, Excelsior, Away Down East, May Queen, Old Granite State, Pauper's Funeral, and Lament of the Prisoner, Bridge of Sighs, Burial of Mrs. Judson, Think Gently of the Erring, (composed by a prisoner,) Get off the Track, Drink from the Mountain Spring, Dear Father Drink no More, Grave of Bonaparte, Spider and the Fly, The Shepherd's Cottage, (with a likeness of Abby J. Hutchinson,) The Seasons, a Farmer's Song, Song of the Shirt, The Watcher, Little Maid, Humbugged Husband, Blind Boy, Anti-Calomel, Will You Come to My Mountain Home, Lament of the Irish Emigrant, Hebrew Maiden's Lament, Are We Almost There, Blue Juniatta, Indian Hunter, Glide on my Light Canoe, Man the Life Boat. All the songs, quartetts, glees, &c. of the Hutchinson Family, and other popular singers; also a full assortment of marches, waltzes, rondos, variations, &c.; music for the guitar, flute, &c.; instruction books for piano, flute, guitar, accordion, violin, tuning forks, Church music books, Bradbury's Floral Festival, Young Melodist, Young Choir, School Singer and Social Singing Books. Piano Fortes from $150 to $400, Coleman's Æolian attachment, &c. &c. &c.

CHARLES HOLT, Jr. Music Publisher,
156 Fulton street, 2d door E. of Broadway.
May 8, 1847.—1y. is.

FREE PRODUCE STORE,
Free Labour Dry Goods & Groceries
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

New goods, just received:
Fine shirting and sheeting muslin, bleached and brown.
Satin stripe. Fine 6-4 plaid muslin.
Also, on hand, heavy muslins, of different widths.
Muslin de lain, and plain, neatly figured, all wool.
Linens, warranted free from cotton.
"Manchester" ginghams of superior quality, various styles.
2d quality do. assorted patterns.
Calico, do. do.
Colored cambrics and Canton flannel, assorted colors.
Bleached and brown do. do. and table diaper.
Coloured table-cloths, imitations of linen.
Cotton hdkfs. assorted styles.
Long and half hose, superior and heavy.
Apron and furniture check.
Cotton twilled pantaloon stuff.
Knitting cotton, various Nos. bleached, brown, and coloured.
Cotton laps and wadding, white and coloured. Also,
Refined loaf, crushed, and pulverized sugar.
Brown sugar, good quality, of different grades, by the barrel, bag, or pound, at reduced prices.
Sugar-house and West India molasses, good quality.
Rice, coffee, and chocolate.
Superior Teas, Selected with care, for family use or stores, viz: Oolong, Sonchong, and other black teas, Also, green tea of superior quality.

Various spices and confectionary, &c. &c. The whole stock exclusively of free labor goods, to which the subscriber would invite the attention of country merchants, as well as his friends and the public generally.

Pains will be taken to satisfy customers as to the goods being what they are sold for—the product of FREE LABOUR. None should purchase without making careful inquiries.

GEORGE W. TAYLOR,
(Successor to Joel Fisher.)
Northwest corner Fifth and Cherry sts.
Philadelphia, 3d mo. 25th, 1847.—1y.*

JUST PUBLISHED, and for sale at this office, "*The Legion of Liberty, and Force of Truth,*" 10th edition.—This work contains about 230 pages of close reading; 300 eminent authorities, and about 60 illustrative engravings. Price 37 1-2 cents, in muslin, and 25 cents, in paper covers. A very liberal discount to those who purchase a number of copies.

Also, the *Condition, Influence, Rights, and Appeal of Women,* from various authors, 12 1-2 cents.

NEW THANKSGIVING ANTHEM—AND SONG BOOK.

JUST PUBLISHED, a Thanksgiving Anthem, adapted to Church Choirs, Societies, or Quartetts. Composed by F. L. Itsley, of Newark, suitable for the approaching season of Thanksgiving through the States. Also the *Granite Songster,* containing the songs of the

HUTCHINSON FAMILY,

sixty-two in number, for 25 cents in paper, and 50 cents in handsome cloth and gilt. Also for sale some of the cheapest *piano fortes* in the United States.

C. HOLT, jr. 136 Fulton st.
November 13—3t. corner of Broadway.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Duty, 20 per ct ad val. per 100lbs	
Pots, 1st sort 1846	6.62½ a —.—
Pearl	—.— a 6.75
BEESWAX.	
Duty: 20 per cent. ad val.	
Cuba, white per lb	—.— a —.—
American, yellow,	—.24 a —.25
BRISTLES.	
Duty, 5 per cent ad val.	
St.Pet'sbg, 1st sort lb.	.90 a 1.12½
do. 2d sort	.35 a .45
Okatka, gray&white	1.90 a 1.95
Sonchoy	60 a .65
American	55 a .60
COAL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Liverpool, Orrel.chal	—.— a 10.00
Newcastle, coarse	7.00 a 7.50
Scotch	8.25 a 8.50
Sidney and Picton	6.75 a 7.50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs	5.50 a 6 00
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4 yd	5 a 6
do. do. 7-8	— a —
do. bleached	6 a 8
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6½ a 8½
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	8 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	9 a 12
do. fancy	7 a 15
Plaids	9 a 11
Kentucky jeans,	15 a 30
Satinetts	25 a 60
Checks 4-4	5 a 10
Cotton Osna. S. No. 1	— a 9
do. No. 2	— a 8
Cotton yarn, 5 a 18	16 a 18
do. 14 a 18	16 a 22
do. 20 a 23	22 a 28
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Genesee per bbl.	6.50 a 6.62½
Troy	—.— a —.—
Michigan	6.50 a 6.56
Ohio, new	6.50 a 6.43
Ohio round hoop	—.— a —.—
Ohio, via, Canal	—.— a —.—
Pennsylvania	6.50 a 6.62½
Brandywine	6.75 a 6.9
Georgetown	6.62 a 6.62½
Baltimore c. mills	6.62 a 6.62½
Richmond c. mills	—.— a —.—
do. country	6.62½ a 6.75
Alexandria	6.62½ a 6.75
Fredericksburg	6.62½ a 6.75
Petersburg	6.62½ a 5.75
Rye flour	5.00 a 5.25
Cornmeal, Jersey	3.50 a 3.75
do. hhd.	18.00 a —.—
FISH	
Duty, 20 per cent ad val.	
Dry cod, cwt.	3.50 a 3.62½
Dry scale	1.75 a 2.00
Pickled cod, bbl.	3.25 a 3.50
do. salmon, tce	19.00 a 20.00
Smoked do. lb	—.— a —.—
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	9.37½ a 9.75
do. No. 1 small	10.75 a 11.87
do. No. 2	7.00 a 7.12
do. do. North	6.75 a 7.75
do. No. 3 South	4.37 a 4.32
do. do. North	4.37½ a 4.50
Shad, N 1 Ct.hf.bbl.	7.12½ a 7.25
do. No. 3	6.12½ a —.—
Bucksp't. bbl.	7.25 a —.—
Mass. do.	—.— a —.—
Southern	—.— a —.—
Herring, pickled	3.00 a 3.25
do. scale, per box	75 a 80
do. No. 1	40 a 45
do. No. 2	32 a 35
GRAIN.	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Wheat, white bush	1.40 a 1.55
do Western	1.30 a 1.40
do. Southern	1.30 a 1.37
Rye northern	.90 a 1.00
Corn north'n & Jer	75 a .77
do south'n (weight)	75 a .—
do N O & West'n	— a —
Barley, Western,	75 a .78
Oats, northern	59 a .19
do. southern	39 a .40
do. New-Jersey	39 a 40
Peas, white	1.00 a 1.25
Black eyed	— a —.80
FLAX	
Duty: 15 per cent. ad val.	
Russia per lb.	9 a 11
American	8 a 8½
FEATHERS	
Duty: 25 per cent. ad val.	
Foreign per lb.	12 a 25
Foreign A. A.	25 a —
Live, American	28 a 33
HAY—Per 100 lbs.	
North River in bales	51 a 55
HOPS	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
First sort 1846, lb.	10 a [illegible]
LEATHER. [Sole]	
Duty, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Oak per lb.	20 a 24
Oak Ohio,	18 a 22
Hemlock, light	17 a 18
do. middle	17 a 18
do. heavy,	10 a 17
do. damaged	14 a 16
do. poor do.	10½ a 12
LIME	
Thomaston per bbl	.78 a .68
LUMBER	
Duty: Timber and firewood, 20; boards, timber, &c. shaped for use, 30; do rough, 20 per ct ad val. Yard selling prices	
Timber w. pine pr.c.ft.	16 a 25
do. east'n scant or beams prM. ft.	16.25 a 18.50
do oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .3
do. Gr. Isl. W.O.	—28 a —
do. O.scnt.pr.M.ft.	30.00 a [illegible]
do. Ga.ycl.pine (by cargo) per cub. ft.	—24 a —
Plank Ga. yel. pine pr M foot	27.50 a —.—
Boards N.R.M.ft.cl.	35.00 a 40.00
do. 2d ql.	25.00 a 27.50
do. Box	14.00 a 14.[illegible]
Albany, piece	12 a [illegible]
Plank Alb. pine	12 a .21
Laths E. by car.	2.50 a 3.00
Shingles bh. 18 in.	1.75 a 2.25
do. Ced.3ft.1stql.	26.00 a —30
do. do. 2d ql.	24.— a 26.—
do. 2ft.1st ql.	18.— a 22.—
do. do.2dql.	16.— a 20.—
do. Cyprus 2d ql.	15.— a [illegible]
Heading W.O.pr.M.	45.— a 50.—
Staves W. O. pipe	50.— a —.—
do. do. hhd.	40.— a —.—
do. do. bbl.	30.— a —.—
do. R. O. hhd.	20.— a 30.—
PROVISIONS.	
Duty: Cheese 30; all other 20 per cent. ad val.	
Beef, mess per bbl.	9.25 a 10.25
do. prime	6.25 a 7.25
Pork, mess Ohio	14.50 a 14.—
do. prime new	10.50 a 10.78
Lard	10 a —.12
Hams, smoked	9½ a —.11
Shoulders, smoked	6½ a —.7½
Beef do.	11 a —.—
Butter, Orange co.	18½ a —.20
do. West'n dairy	16 a —.18
do. common	— a —
Cheese	6½ a —.7½
SEEDS.	
Duty: flaxseed, clover, and timothy, 20 per cent. ad val.	
Clover, per lb.	—.7 a —.7½
Timothy, 7 bush.	14.— a 18.—
Flax, rough	1.— a 1.—
do. clean	—.— a —.—
TALLOW.	
Duty: tallow grease, & soap stuff 10 per cent. ad val.	
Rendered	9 a 9½
WOOL.	
Duty, 30 per cent. ad val.	
Am. Sax'ny. fleece lb.	40 a 45
Am. full blood Merino	35 a 38
Am. ½ & ¾ Marino	30 a 34
Am. native & ¼ do.	26 a 24
Superfine, pulled, ctry.	32 a 33
do. do city	27 a 28
No. 1, pulled, country,	26 a 27
do. city	25 a 26
South Am. washed	10 a 12
do. do. & picked	16 a 18
do. unwashed	5 a 7
Africa	6 a
Smyrna	10 a 11
Mexican	9 a 12

Poetry.

From the London Punch.

PUNCH'S FLIGHT WITH LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Gird up thy loins, old Louis, and look abroad with me.
Nay, shrink not back, I know it; there are sorry sights to see.
'Twas but late that with a Minister o'er London town I flew,
And now, my innocent gentleman, I have a flight for you.

I showed him the work of centuries, I'll show thee the work of years;
He heard the cry of poverty, thou shalt mark the monarch's tears;
I bared for him the hut, for thee I'll open palace gates;
The fester probed in streets for him, I'll probe for thee in States.

Up, heavy weight of kingship! Up, hoary weight of sin!
Or must I rip thy pockets, before our flight begin?
No soul with silver freighted, on voyage like ours may go;
No eye that's sealed with golden seales can see the sights I show.

Out come the ducats tumbling—out come dollar and doubloon—
Now or five-franc pieces—we shall shoot skyward soon!
Now, down with that dotation; down with it—no, good-by!
We're right at last! So—clutch me fast! How merrily we fly!

We've left Paris far behind us—on the broad wings of the breeze—
Those glimmering peaks—Dost know them? Those are the Pyrenees.
Nay, pause not over Burgos; there's cold welcome from the Cid,
Now southward turn—and lo, where burn the dim lights of Madrid!

Look not askance, but brave a glance at yonder palace room;
Dark all, both hall and heart of him that dwells there in his gloom.
So bravely clad, and yet so sad—so wan—so lonely waking—
And yet no widower is he, but the husband of thy making.

Art thou looking for the wedded wife where wedded wife should lie,
In the bosom of her husband? 'Twas the wont in days gone by!
Not there—not there. Trace yonder stair, to a chamber far apart,
Where sits the wife, a widow's life, and a widow's woful heart.

Oh, work well done! Prize bravely won! And where's the fool to rue it?
Thou hast gained Montpensier a dower, and broke two hearts to do it.
Count up that dower, then add the power, to say naught of the bride—
What man of business reckons hearts on the *per contra* side?

Now, left and right, look through the night—see Fraud and Faction working;
See present jars and future wars in rotten Cabinets lurking;
See Lies parade, in stars arrayed, that mock the wearer's features;
See sad Truth—if thou canst see her, through the foul crowd of thy creatures!

And now one look on Italy, that stirreth from her sleeping,
And the Eagle nigh, that hungrily, for the swoop a watch is keeping;
While France that, erst, such birds obscene from Freedom's cradle scared,
With fettered hands and blinded eyes stands by, her sword unbared.

Nay, dost thou shake, old Monarch? Is there grace enough behind,
To wake thee to a better life, a less ignoble mind?
Oh, if there be! the future's free, the past may be atoned;
If there be not, wo worth the lot, that the last Bourbon throned!

◆

TO A CHILD EMBRACING ITS MOTHER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again;
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain,—
Love thy mother, little one!

Press her lips the while they glow
With love that they have often told;
Hereafter thou may'st press in wo,
And kiss them till thine own are cold,—
Press her lips the while they glow!

O, revere her raven hair,
Although it be not silvery gray,
Too early, death, led on by care,
May snatch, save one dear lock away,—
O, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her, at eve and morn,
That heaven may long the stroke defer,
For thou may'st live the hour forlorn
When thou wilt ask to die with her,—
Pray for her, at eve and morn!

Miscellany.

THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruction. It interested me much to learn, that, by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town, and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle, and set out for the Station-house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics, as with those of the city of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rattled out of the city, and, at a short distance from its outskirts, passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable to sight or smell, had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

"This," remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, "is the famous Slough of Despond—a disgrace to all the neighbourhood; and the greater, that it might so easily be converted into firm ground."

"I have understood," said I, "that efforts have been made for that purpose, from time immemorial. Bunyan mentions that about twenty thousand cart-loads of wholesome instructions had been thrown in here, without effect."

"Very probably!—and what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away. "You observe this convenient bridge. We obtained a sufficient foundation for it, by throwing into the Slough some editions of books of morality, volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism, tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergymen, extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo sages, together with a few ingenious commentaries upon texts of Scripture—all of which, by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter."

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated, and heaved up and down, in a very formidable manner; and, spite of Mr. Smooth-it-away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loth to cross it in a crowded omnibus; especially, if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless, we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the Station-house. This very neat and spacious edifice is erected on the site of the little Wicket-Gate, which formerly, as all old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach. The reader of John Bunyan will be glad to know, that Christian's old friend Evangelist, who was accustomed to supply each pilgrim with a mystic roll, now presides at the ticket-office. Some malicious persons, it is true, deny the identity of this reputable character with the Evangelist of old times, and even pretend to being competent evidence of an imposture. Without involving myself in the dispute, I shall merely observe, that, so far as my experience goes, the square pieces of pasteboard, now delivered to passengers, are much more convenient and useful along the road, than the antique roll of parchment. Whether they will be as readily received at the gate of the Celestial City, I decline giving an opinion.

A large number of passengers were already at the Station-house, awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanour of these persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favourable change, in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man, with a huge burden on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot, while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighbourhood, setting forth towards the Celestial City, as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence, magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their meaner brethren. In the ladies' apartment, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those flowers of fashionable society, who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement; while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the back-ground. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage, I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as had been the custom of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage-car, and, as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the journey's end. Another thing likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the Wicket-Gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims, while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit as well of the illustrious potentate above mentioned, as of the worthy and enlightened Directors of the railroad, has been pacifically arranged, on the principle of mutual compromise. The Prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed about the Station-house, some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations; and I can conscientiously affirm, that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate, or more generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad; every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Great-heart?" inquired I. "Beyond a doubt, the Directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough. "He was offered the situation of brakeman; but, to tell you the truth, our friend Great-heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow, in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road, on foot, that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub, that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill language with some of the prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Great-heart went off to the Celestial City in a huff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the conductor of the train. You will probably recognize him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon that would hurry us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which—not to startle the reader—appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach, as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" cried I. "What on earth is this! A living creature?—if so, he is own brother to the engine that he rides upon!"

"Poh, poh, you are obtuse!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a hearty laugh. "Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine; and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief conductor."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm, "this shows the liberality of the age; this proves, if anything can, that all musty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist! I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it, when we reach the Celestial City."

The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable while we glanced along, as it were, at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot-travellers, in the old pilgrim guise, with cockle-shell and staff, their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burdens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people, in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway, rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon they gazed at us with such woeful and absurdly compassionate visages, that our merriment grew ten-fold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and envelope them in an atmosphere of scalding steam. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad, Mr. Smooth-it-away pointed to a large, antique edifice, which, he observed, was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims. In Bunyan's road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion," remarked I.

"It is not one of our stations, as you perceive," said my companion. "The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad; and well he might be, the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the foot path still passes his door; and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveller, and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself."

Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion, we were rushing by the place where Christian's burden fell from his shoulders, at the sight of the Cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-for-the-world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart, Mr. Scaly-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself, and all the passengers, indeed, joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter; for our burdens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world; and, especially, we each of us possessed a great variety of favourite Habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion, even in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favourable circumstances of our position, as compared with those of past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill Difficulty.—Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed, of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and spacious double-track; so that, unless the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of the builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage, that the materials from the heart of the Hill Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

"This is a wonderful improvement, indeed," said I. "Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful, and be introduced to the charming young ladies—Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity and the rest—who have the kindness to entertain pilgrims there."

"Young ladies!" cried Mr. Smooth-it-away, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "And charming young ladies! Why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them—prim, starch, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown, since the days of Christian's pilgrimage."

"Ah, well," said I, much comforted, "then I can very readily dispense with their acquaintance."

"The respectable Apollyon was now putting on the steam at a prodigious rate; anxious, perhaps, to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death; into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side, or the quag on the other. But, on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that, in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

Even while we were speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreadful Valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart, during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception, and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom, and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine; not a ray of which has ever penetrated among these awful shadows. For this purpose, the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps, along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created, even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests forever upon the Valley; a radiance hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader have ever travelled through the dark Valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted soil beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps, that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the Valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track—a catastrophe, it is whispered, by no means unprecedented—the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this nature had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek careering along the Valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine, on arriving at a stopping-place.

The spot, where we had now paused, is the same that our friend Bunyan—a truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions—has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake; inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the Directors had caused forges to be set up, for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence, also, is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern-mouth, whence ever and anon there darted huge tongues of dusky flame,—and had seen the strange half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces horribly grotesque, into which the smoke seemed to wreathe itself,—and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep, shuddering whispers of the blast, sometimes forming itself into words almost articulate,—would have seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with mis-shapen feet, and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes; as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity, that the labourers at the forge, and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several who, to my certain knowledge, had heretofore set forth by railroad for the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild, and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants; like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contortion of their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of these persons—an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who went by the name of Take-it-easy—I called to him, and inquired what was his business there.

"Did you not start," said I, "for the Celestial City?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Take-it-easy, carelessly puffing some smoke in my eyes. "But I heard such bad accounts, that I never took pains to climb the hill on which the city stands. No business doing—no fun going on—nothing to drink, and no smoking allowed—and a thrumming of church music from morning till night! I would not stay in such a place, if they offered me house-room and living free."

"But my good Mr. Take-it-easy," cried I, "why take up your residence here, of all places in the world?"

"Oh," said the loafer, with a grin, "it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again, some day soon. A pleasant journey to you!"

While he was speaking, the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away, after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the Valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas-lamps, as before. But sometimes, in the dark, of intense brightness, grim faces, that bore the aspect and expression of individual sins, or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination—nothing more, certainly,—mere delusions which I ought to be ashamed of—but, all through the Dark Valley, I was tormented, and pestered, and dolefully bewildered, with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of natural day, however, began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could well nigh have taken my oath, that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

At the end of the Valley, as John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where, in his days, dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had strewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there; but into their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travellers, and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and saw-dust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalist; but as to his form, his features, his substance, and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant, that neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth, we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology, that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

It was late in the day when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay, and fascinating, beneath the sun. As I purposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is no longer the want of harmony between the townspeople and pilgrims, which impelled the former to such lamentably mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian, and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that people often affirm it to be the true and only heaven; stoutly contending that there is no other, that those who seek further are mere dreamers, and that, if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gates of Vanity, they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these, perhaps, exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say, that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures which are the grand objects with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honourable estimation; for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep; the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-Truth; that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment; the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit; and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labours of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity, on all subjects of human or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition, without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherealized by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge, depositing all its heavier particles—except, doubtless, its gold—becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done to every person's hand, without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes; with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock; and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion, and literature, being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. A very pretty girl bartered a heart as clear as crystal, and which seemed her most valuable possession, for another jewel of the same kind, but so worn and defaced as to be utterly worthless. In one shop, there were a great many crowns of laurel and myrtle, which soldiers, authors, statesmen, and various other people, pressed eagerly to buy; some purchased these paltry wreaths with their lives; others by a toilsome servitude of years; and many sacrificed whatever was most valuable, yet finally slunk away without the crown. There was a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost anything. Indeed, few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, as a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet as this stock, was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser, in the long run. Several of the speculations were of a questionable character. Occasionally, a member of Congress recruited his pocket by the sale of his constituents; and I was assured that public officers have often sold their country at very moderate prices. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair: and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birth-rights. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy-bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair. Prince Beelzebub himself took great interest in this sort of traffic, and sometimes condescended to meddle with smaller matters. I once had the pleasure to see him bargaining with a miser for his soul, which, after much ingenious skirmishing on both sides, his Highness succeeded in obtaining at about the value of sixpence. The prince remarked, with a smile, that he was a loser by the bargain.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily, when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest hustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple, and fine linen, and jewels; the men of wit and humour gibing at them; a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance; while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly-erected temple; but there were these worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures.

One of them—his name was Stick-to-the-right—perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which, to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

"Sir," inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, "do you call yourself a pilgrim?"

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your lifetime, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair! Yea: though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, "has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and unless that be obtained, no passenger can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore, every man who buys a ticket, must lay his account with losing the purchase money—which is the value of his own soul."

"Poh, nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "those fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window."

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that troubled me; amid the occupations or amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honours, or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption—suddenly to vanish like a soap-bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity, we passed the ancient silver mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers have carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; "but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls. "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. Smooth-it-away; "for Apollyon is putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient stones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill-side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton hams."

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final Station House, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and wo, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. Throughout our journey, at every stopping place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam engine; but, in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms forever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river, to welcome two poor pilgrims, who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey—the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience, amid the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

"How amazingly well those men have got on!" cried I to Mr. Smooth-it-away. "I wish we were secure of as good a reception."

"Never fear—never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly; and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the steersman; and some still dizzy with the slumberous influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City?" exclaimed I.

"Oh, no," answered he, with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley, "Oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your company. Good bye! We shall meet again."

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-away, laugh outright; in the midst of which cachination, a smoke-wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures raging within his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave these waters, until Death be drowned in his own river—that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank heaven, it was a Dream!

THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF ANTHRACITE.

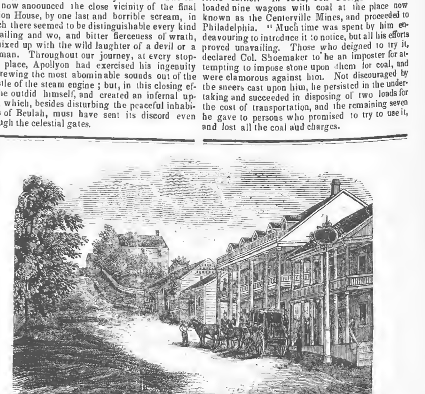
The following statement illustrates most forcibly how much harder it is to persuade mankind to believe in truth than fiction; and also illustrates, in some degree the resources of Pennsylvania:

It is interesting and amusing to look back to the first attempt made to use the anthracite coal, and bring it to market. The Hon. Charles Miner, of Wilkesbarre, in his published account of his first efforts, in connection with Mr. Cist and other associates, relates some pleasant anecdotes. On the 9th of August, 1814, they started off their ark from Mauch Chunk. "In less than eighty rods from the place of starting, the ark struck upon a ledge and broke a hole in her bow. The lads stripped themselves nearly naked to stop the rush of water with their clothes." In six days, however, the ark reached Philadelphia, with its twenty-four tons of coal, which had by this time cost fourteen dollars a ton. "But," says Mr. Miner, "we had the greater difficulty to overcome of inducing the public to use our coal when brought to their doors."

"We published handbills, in English and German, stating the mode of burning the coal, either in grates, in smiths' forges, or in stoves. Together we went to several houses in the city, and prevailed upon the masters to allow us to kindle fires of anthracite in the grates, erected to burn Liverpool coal. We attended at blacksmiths' shops, and prevailed upon some to alter the Too-iron, so that they might burn Lehigh coal; and we were sometimes obliged to bribe the journeymen to try the experiment fairly, so averse were they to learn the use of a new sort of fuel."

How like a fable all this seems at the present day! As we sit before our coal fires and think of no other, how little do we realize that thirty years ago Mr. Miner and Mr. Cist were trying the experiment of an anthracite fire at Wilkesbarre, and wondering whether they could not float an ark load of the coal to Philadelphia? Now we are reckoning the coal trade in millions of tons!

In the Schuylkill region the effort was made a little earlier. In 1812, Col. George Shoemaker loaded nine wagons with coal at the place now known as the Centerville Mines, and proceeded to Philadelphia. "Much time was spent by him endeavouring to introduce it to notice, but all his efforts proved unavailing. Those who deigned to try it, declared Col. Shoemaker to be an imposter for attempting to impose stone upon them for coal, and were clamorous against him. Not discouraged by the sneers cast upon him, he persisted in the undertaking and succeeded in disposing of two loads for the cost of transportation, and the remaining seven he gave to persons who promised to try to use it, and lost all the coal and charges.



LEBANON SPRINGS WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

This is one of the oldest Establishments in this country; and, in view of all the facilities here afforded for the practice of Water-Cure, the abundance and variety of water, the picturesque scenery, the pure and exhilarating mountain air, its central situation—so near to the great thoroughfares which connect East and West, North and South—the Establishment will, doubtless, continue to receive its due share of patronage. It has now extensive accommodations. At the central house, the various Baths, as Plunge, Shower, Douche, Hose, Fountain, Vapor, Eye, and Ear, cold or warm, are so constructed as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access by invalids, at all times. The rooms are so warmed as to render them perfectly comfortable, even in the coldest weather; and for winter treatment, the water from the celebrated *Warm spring* is much used. For such as can go abroad in summer, a bathing-house has been built in the beautiful glen, thirty rods distant from the Infirmary, adapted to the entire treatment, with an ever flowing and living Plunge and Douche Bath—the latter descending, perpendicularly, thirty feet, the column two inches in diameter, and white with motion.

At the principal Cold spring, half a mile distant, a large Bathing-house is built, adapted to summer treatment. The water at this spring is at a temperature of 46° in midsummer. Another Cold spring, at a temperature of 50°, has been improved.

For Winter, as well as Summer treatment, this location offers every desirable facility. The Warm spring throws out sixteen barrels of water per minute, the temperature of which never varies from 72° in coldest weather. The stream courses its way through large Plunge and Swimming Baths; and an eligible site, commanding the entire stream, and designed for future enlargement and accommodation, has been purchased, where the water has a fall of thirty feet. The Cold-mountain water, applied to bathing and domestic purposes, has a pressure of from eighty to a hundred feet.

☞ The expense, per week, is from $6 to $10, varying according to room occupied and attention required. Patients furnish their own towels and bandages, and also extra sheets, blankets, comfortables, &c.

NOTE. The following extract, from Dr. Shew's Water-Cure Journal, shows the purity of the water here, compared with other Springs: "The water at Grafenberg, according to an analysis made by Dr. Chilton, contains *one and a half grains* of mineral matter in the American gallon. At Lebanon springs, the water used at Campbell & Co.'s Establishment is still purer, containing but little over *one grain* of mineral substances. At Brattleborough, Vt, the analysis of one spring, as published by Dr. Wesselhoft, shows *between six and seven grains* mineral in the gallon; a second spring, a much larger portion. At Syossett, Long Island, our springs contain about *three fourths of a grain only* of mineral, the purest springs of which we have any record. The slight trace of mineral in all these springs is, besides, of a much milder character than that of water generally, it being principally sodium—lime being the common impurity." The Croton water, in New York, has but about four and a half grains. As an illustration of the extreme purity of the above specimens of water, consider the fact that much of the water in common use contains from one hundred to one thousand grains of foreign matter to the gallon.

The Lebanon Springs are located 25 miles east of Albany, and seven miles west of the Railroad depot, Pittsfield, Mass. They are eight miles from Edward's depot, on the Hudson and Berkshire Railroad, where it intersects the Boston and Albany Railroad, and where, also, the Housatonic Railroad terminates. They are seven miles from Canaan-four-Corners, the nearest point for reaching the Springs, by railroad, from Albany. When all these Railroads, together with the Harlem, seek their great northern outlet, leading to Montreal, the link which connects them with the Vermont Western Railroad will pass directly by the Springs.